

THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts
and Public Affairs*

Volume XVII

New York, Wednesday, February 1, 1933

Number 14

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Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1933, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central
Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: \$5.00; Foreign: \$6.00; Canada: \$5.50. Single Copies: \$.10.

SPIRITUAL PIONEERS

IT IS a happy coincidence that the seventy-first anniversary of the founding of the Paulist Fathers should be celebrated at a time when the Catholic world has been called by its supreme head to celebrate a Holy Year. It is also an appropriate coincidence that the Paulist celebration should come before the formal opening of the universal jubilee. For the spirit of anticipation has been a special mark of the Paulists. They have been scouts of the Church militant in the United States, pioneers of the advancing frontiers of American Catholicism. They have an abundant share of the truly American facility for combining individualism and coöperation: a trait which has been displayed by so many pioneers who have pushed forward into desert or mountain or forest on lonely and adventurous trails, afterward building up a community and integrating it at last with the national structure.

The Paulists built their first little chapel three-quarters of a century ago amid wasteland and scattered garden plots, among the shanties of a poor and scattered group of squatters. Now in the heart of the vast city of New York their solid, soberly splendid mother church stands like a great boulder carved from the rock of Peter itself. In the heart of another

metropolis, Chicago, they are established. On the shore of the Pacific, in San Francisco, they hold a church that once was the first cathedral, under Bishop Alemany; thus linking their work with the traditions of the Spanish missionary pioneers of the farthest West. They are settled in Canada. They have other churches, community houses, a seminary for their novices, and many posts and stations of their work as college chaplains, throughout the country of their origin. And they minister to the American Church in the very center of Catholicity, in Rome, at Santa Susanna, the traditions of which go back to the martyrs of the age of the catacombs. They serve the faithful as parish priests, and incessantly they go forth as missionaries to the gentiles. They interpret Catholicism to non-Catholic America, and they interpret America to the Church. They are mighty apostles of the press; they pioneered in the use of radio, and a wireless station is part of the equipment of their mother church; but the statues of great mystics like Teresa and John of the Cross guard the doorway of that church, and the spirit of the liturgy and the practice of mental prayer guide them in their enterprising ways. And in all they are, and try to be, and in what they do: as

priests, preachers, writers, editors, lecturers, organizers, missionaries, contemplatives, they are true Catholics and true Americans, because they are the sons of their father, Isaac Thomas Hecker, and are faithful to his spirit and his example.

Forty years ago the late Canon Barry wrote in his lengthy review of Father Walter Elliott's life of Hecker the following significant passage: "During the last few years it would seem as though the Catholic Church had been closing its account with the nineteenth century, and girding up its loins to meet the twentieth, whose rapidly advancing steps may already be heard. One by one our notable champions have flitted away. The familiar names which used to meet us everywhere, as of persons close at hand and speaking in our ear, have now passed into the great Book of the Dead; and there is left to friends and disciples only the task of writing biographies that may tell the after world how Catholicism lived, and moved, and was incarnate in these varied yet most noble characters. Among them, if the genius of some may strike our imagination more vividly, and if others have occupied a larger space in men's thoughts and conversation, I do not know whether any will appear more attractive and individual, and, what is more remarkable, so prescient of the future, which he seems to have anticipated in his very cast of feeling, as Isaac Hecker, in whom certain critics, not altogether without justice, have recognized an American Cardinal Newman, and to whose apostolic labors the great Oratorian himself bore witness." Newman himself, in a letter written after Father Hecker's death, said: "I have ever felt that there was a sort of unity in our lives, that we had both begun a work of the same kind, he in America, and I in England."

One-third of the twentieth century has passed away since Canon Barry wrote, and now the diamond jubilee of the society founded by Isaac Hecker—the first indigenous religious society of men to be established in the United States—comes simultaneously with what is regarded by the most serious minds of today as perhaps the greatest crisis in human affairs ever known. Father Hecker laid down as an axiom of the Catholic action of his day that "only the universal principles of reason and revelation grasped and wielded by such an organic world-power as the Catholic Church can guide aright the tumultuous masses of mankind when the transition from one phase of civilization to another has begun." Yet nobody knew better than Father Hecker that the truth expressed in general principles needs specific, individualized modes of action in order to succeed in swaying men's minds and guiding their lives. Catholicism in America required special channels for its operations; it needed personalities among the leaders of its universal forces who were native to the soil, and it demanded methods of operation that should be commensurate with local circumstances and the peculiar conditions of the American people.

There have been few men notable in the history of the United States who in their characters and lives

have been more typical of American qualities than Isaac Hecker. The son of an emigrant, born in decent poverty; a hard worker from his earliest years, and self-educated (until he entered a seminary), he yet gained a complete understanding of American traditions, a full sympathy with the ethos of the Colonial stock, equally with an appreciation of the merits of the later arrivals, and of other racial elements. An apostle to the lowly, even as a boy he was a leader among the social reformers of his time. New England transcendentalism seemed for a time to satisfy, or at least to assuage, his spiritual hunger, culminating in his Brook Farm experience, and marked by personal contact with Emerson, Bronson, Olcott, Hawthorne, Ripley, Dana, and a sort of discipleship relation with Brownson that led him at last into Catholicism. Whatever he did, he did wholly: so his faith led him at once into its ministry, at first as a Redemptorist. With other converts—Fathers Walworth, Hewit, Deshon and Baker—he was one of a mission band which wrote great chapters in the record of American Catholicity. That the young man who owed his vocation to this band of Redemptorists later on became, par excellence, "the American Cardinal"—James Gibbons—is a fact that by itself would make their work famous.

Since the founder of the Paulists passed, in Canon Barry's phrase, into the Book of the Dead, the society has multiplied its numbers; and has produced many eminent figures, and widely extended its characteristic activities—yet still the spirit of Isaac Hecker remains as its most precious possession, and the development of his teaching is its greatest task; indeed, the very crisis in which the whole world is laboring affords the Paulists their inexhaustible opportunity. As part of the great work they are doing, surely we may hope that there will soon be reissued the essays of Isaac Hecker himself, and that the life of Hecker written by Father Elliott, together with the vast riches of the spiritual diaries of Father Hecker, will be made the basis of a new biography that will place the figure of a great American Catholic before the eager generations of today and of tomorrow, to whom so noble, and so native, a character, with his ideas and principles of action so congenial to Americans, will appeal with a force that may become a veritable renaissance of Catholicism in America.

WEEK BY WEEK

MONEY still makes the world go round. All discussions of economics inevitably come round to the "standard of value." Changes in this are fundamental changes. Thus, for example, the war debt question has veered round to the problem of currency stabilization. When Great Britain went off the gold standard, there was a great deal of quite justifiable consternation in all parts of financial America. Today the full import of that consterna-

The
Monetary
Problem

tion is discernible. Countries with depreciated currencies are, at least for the time being, able to profit tremendously at the expense of the few nations retaining full-value money. Thus our attention was recently called to the amazing fact that Canadian wheat could be purchased in London for seventeen cents a bushel under the Chicago quotation. In part this difference is accounted for by trade concessions made at the Ottawa Conference, but in part it is also due to the relative cheapness of the Canadian dollar. The general result has been summed up very well by Mr. Walter Lippmann in the *New York Herald Tribune*: "Every country off the gold standard will remain involved in what amounts to a competition to depreciate its currency in the hope of obtaining some temporary advantage for its export trade. The countries on the gold standard will be subjected to increasing pressure from their own exporting interests to join in the competition, either by debasing their own currencies or by resorting to measures of defense and even to reprisals against the effects of depreciated money." Already the pressure is strongly felt in France, and the revival of inflationist talk in the United States tells its own story.

NATURALLY the strongest argument in favor of inflation in this country does not come, at least ostensibly, from exporting interests. It is significant that the leading advocates of "cheap money" come from states where the burden of rural debt is heaviest. The thought there is that lowering the value of the dollar would raise prices and with that give a chance to pay taxes, meet interest payments and wipe out mortgages. But eventually the decision will probably lie with the protagonists of world trade. If they, who constitute some of the financially strongest financial powers in the nation, join hands with philosophers from Mississippi and Texas, the trend may be too strong to resist. Thus, after three years of strenuous deflation which have cost every citizen a sum he had never imagined himself expending, there would begin a furious scramble to adjust the whole wage and price structure to a new and possibly rather permanent level. We cannot help thinking that this would prove immeasurably disastrous. Grave importance therefore attaches to negotiations by means of which Great Britain may be persuaded to coöperate, in the interests of world recovery, toward the establishment of stable currencies.

OF SENATOR HUEY LONG it has been said, and may be repeated, that he has come honestly by his name. Filibusters have often illustrated the right of free speech so gallantly defended by Congress, but this **Disturbances of the Week** is probably the most ridiculous filibuster on record. The nation has clamored for banking reforms, and now that there are within view several changes likely to prove beneficial, a specimen of the Congress of the future, mandate from the peo-

ple and so forth included, is successfully making the work of several committees as useless as an obsolete doctor's dissertation. Meanwhile Mr. Irving Ben Cooper, designated to serve as counsel to the investigators who serve on the Senate subcommittee on banking and currency, announced that the job had no attractions for him. The reason was Senator Norbeck's insistence that a gentleman appointed by him was to tell the counsel what to investigate and what not to. As we write, we are without complete information concerning this extraordinary development. But the inference seems to be that the Senator from North Dakota was stricken with cold feet. Not so the citizens of his state. According to the *New York Times*, they banded together on Tuesday last and proposed, in legislative session assembled, that thirty-nine Western states ought to rally round the court house in Bismarck and secede from the "financial East." It is obviously a mad world.

A SOCIETY which, in a quiet way, has formulated and pushed enlightened legislation with an effectiveness and resolution quite out of proportion to its modest numbers is the American Association for Old Age Security, Inc. Its headquarters are in New York, and the roster of its officials includes representative and important names throughout the country. Its present president is Bishop McConnell, of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ; its long list of vice-presidents numbers Jane Addams at its alphabetical beginning and Dr. John A. Ryan at its alphabetical end. Its January number is devoted to energizing those groups in the large majority of our states still lacking old-age pension laws, who are interested in promoting this most necessary legislation; and it submits persuasive figures illustrating the actual money saving which such legislation represents, in a good many instances. There can be little question, we think, that it represents the best solution of a difficult question, in other ways also. Provision for penniless old people has always been accepted as a public duty; and the institutional care which was the first, and in most states is still the only, expression of that responsibility, is so generally regarded as coming short of the ideal that arguments bearing on the point are not necessary. The main trouble is not those human shortcomings of the officers of county farms and old people's homes, to which an abundant popular literature testifies. The main trouble is that entering an institution is an open confession of pauperism, to which many old people prefer starvation; and that those who have lived for all their active lives in the small unit of the private home, cannot be happy anywhere else. The limited sum which the average pension represents is enough to secure a continuation of their homes, and to make heart-breaking separations unnecessary. It is a method of dignity and generosity, that carries no stigma. It is our hope that it will be generally adopted.

Old-Age Pensions

ENGLISH writers, several of whom have recently expressed their minds in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, are greatly concerned over recent changes in the "reading public." The Literary Toboggan During the seventeenth century, books were rather exclusively the affair of a small but brilliant group of appreciators of wit, though something spilled over in the form of song or drama to the people. Thus the poems of Donne were widely beloved and influential, even though for years no printed copies of them were available. When the nineteenth century dawned, the great "liberation of the middle class" brought with it an alliance between the ethical tenets of a capitalist-minded Puritanism and literature. The age was that of the sociological novel, during which art may have been very considerably diluted, but when there did flourish a style of writing which possessed real distinction and power. Today we seem, in the United States and England, to have moved a step farther. Other literate masses, whose interest in books is limited to the enjoyment of gross sensations, have appeared to demand the subservience of authors and the extermination of the high-brow. All kinds of writing show the effects of this development, but it is probably criticism which most clearly testifies to the waning of discrimination. Newspaper reviewing in Great Britain is incredibly bad—worse even, it seems to us, than newspaper criticism in the United States. Neither writer nor reader is equipped for such work. But what is going to be done about it? Somebody has suggested a moratorium on all quotations from reviews for a period of three years. It would help. But it will never be declared.

ON THE surface that is a colorful item from Chicago to the effect that a "Hoodlum Who's Who" is being compiled to aid the police. They seem to have made considerable headway under Mayor Cermak in cleaning up the city—aided, one judges, by the lucky weakening of the Capone forces incident upon that dashing leader's disagreement with the federal government. Now, with the World's Fair only a few months off, the last and master drive is on, and the seven hundred odd important thugs still at large are being put into a book, where their names and achievements will be readily available to any interested policeman. On the surface, to repeat, one is intrigued. One muses on what Stevenson wrote of Villon's crew, how Balzac and Hugo levied on the Paris underworld for some of their most fascinating chapters (written, of course, in the name of warning and reform), and finds oneself straying in the direction of the wish for a tiny peep at this current compilation. But a few moments' recollection dispels this romantic mood very effectually. It is not only that the sensible men who deprecate this type of interest in the criminal, are right. It is the deeper fact that criminals themselves, realistically approached, dispel it. Responsible news

stories of the conduct and personnel of famous gangs, make dingy and dreary reading. When the ambushings, double-crossings and rattings are subtracted, precious little is left; even the courage, what there is of it, is half-witted. The Chicago police are probably bored by their little book; and they are probably right.

OF COURSE it may be a question whether the habit of breaking into verse for the identification and in some sort the preservation of the keener perceptions, feelings or thoughts, should be encouraged. There is a not innumerable class of persons who have a chronic antipathy to poetry, look on it as trifling of the emptiest sort and, viewing poets with alarm, flee from them as they would from a strange child with jam on its fingers. Still the versifiers are a hardy and prolific race. As Mr. Smith said when he took over the *New Outlook* editorship, the amount of poetry that flows through an editorial office is amazing; its quantity dwarfs the quantity of other proffered compositions, in spite of the fact that the space which is given to poetry is only a very small part of the space given to prose. And in spite of the fact that the financial returns from poetry are of as long standing as mothers-in-law as a subject for not very good jokes. Into this quandary stole one night the Catholic Poetry Society. Feebly at first it proclaimed that poets and poetry lovers should find some common ground for the enjoyment of poetry. It should be a Catholic society because the ideology of the Redemption, the heavenly choirs and the orders beyond our immediate limited perceptions, the abundant life in infinitude and to eternity, deserves its memorialization as well as those little, poignant themes particularly identified with paganism, all the sad ephemeral things, sad because they are ephemeral.

NOT A whirlwind exactly was sowed, but bright and sometimes singing eddies have sprung up in various parts of the country. The integrity of such a society it was envisioned would depend principally on the formation and complete life of local units. Our country is so vast that it cannot have the simple geographical unity of England, say, with London as its literary Mecca. With a natural growth, which is slow and steady, the local units have been emerging. Latest is one in the District of Columbia. This will have a splendid variety in opulence of being distinct from the distinguished Gerard Manley Hopkins unit at Georgetown University that has but recently started publishing a magazine of national circulation devoted to poetry, *Measure*, elegant in appearance and excellent in content. Benjamin Musser, Caroline Giltinan, Kenton Kilmer, Theodore Maynard, Fathers Speer Strahan, Francis Burke, S.J., R. A. McGowan, John P. McLarney, O.P., Paul Bussard, Mrs. L. A. Codd, students from the Catholic University, and ten girls from Trinity College, are a few among a goodly number who are participating. We believe they will have a

cultural association which should fulfil all the purposes of such association in enjoyable and profitable ways.

WE FEEL that Mayor O'Brien did the humane and right thing in rescinding the order of the Park Department against the squatter settlement above Ninety-sixth Street between Sovereign Squatters Riverside Drive and the river. A debate of many months' standing has been waged about this little group of shanties built and tenanted by homeless men. It constitutes no aesthetic addition to the neighborhood, of course, and perhaps it is natural that some of the residents and householders of those parts should deplore its presence. But where are these men to go? They cannot get steady jobs, and the public facilities for caring for the jobless are inordinately strained already, as we all know. Besides, it seems to us that the impulse to build and care for their own shelter marks these men as worthy of respect. It is a good and constructive impulse that sets a man to making a home, albeit of tin cans and packing boxes, instead of drifting with the nightly current to free lodgings or nickel "flops." So far as our knowledge goes, no complaint of disorderly conduct or dangerous insanitation has been made good against this settlement. The Mayor himself, after making a surprise visit to it on his own initiative, declared that it was "kept in such neat and clean condition" that it could not be called a nuisance or a menace, and added: "There are no formal complaints against them [the men] so far as I know." He promises them immunity from marching orders so long as they remain sanitary and orderly. The story makes good copy, but that does not at all obviate the fact that the Mayor has taken the decent and understanding attitude.

THE SHINING legend of California has just received an extra burnishing that must fill even the mind most antipodal to a Native Son's with respect. Nature, the great Earth Mother (sometimes also called the Old Hag) has played cat-and-mouse with that fair state in a curious fashion. She has endowed it with generously extensive and richly beautiful samples of some of her best handiwork; but always there has been the ounce of bitter in the pound of sweet, the discord in the harmony, the cinder in the spinach. If there were lordly mountains, there were also deserts, poison springs and rattlesnakes. If there were unparalleled stretches of white sand washed by the benign Pacific, there were also sand-fleas of unparalleled size and activity. If there were the verdant champagnes and immemorial forests of the north and west, there were the scoriac stretches of the south. If there was the San Francisco Golden Gate, there was also the San Francisco earthquake. There has latterly grown up, indeed, a general agreement to war upon the just pretensions of Californians; to praise

Florida grapefruit in their presence; to laugh with cruel heartiness whenever the movies depict a California shower. But now! Mark how Nature at last moves to the rescue of her favorite child! After a sandstorm in Los Angeles (we are paraphrasing not the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce bulletin but the *New York Times*) an assayer estimated that the officially announced deposit of 1,600,000 tons of dust scattered over the city contained not only 8,000 tons of potassium sulphate worth \$240,000 as fertilizer, but \$8,000 worth of silver and \$56,000 worth of gold. Gold dust at 3½ cents worth to the ton covered back porches and sidewalks; silver dust at ½ cents worth to the ton gleamed from the roofs and fell off the rose-bushes. That is something for detractors to chew on. One can almost hear the Forty-Niners cheer from the tomb.

RECENT SOCIAL TRENDS

"IN THE autumn of 1929 I asked a group of eminent scientists to examine into the feasibility of a national survey of social trends in the United States," writes President Hoover by way of a foreword to two volumes of findings, entitled "Recent Social Trends," which the McGraw-Hill Book Company have just published. Such a work is, of course, difficult to read with the object of arriving at a definite series of conclusions. The specialists in charge set out to gather as large a number of facts as possible concerning those shifting and hardly definite tendencies which we call social changes. As a consequence the data gathered have a quantitative import, though the several writers do occasionally try to make tentative inferences. The absorbing picture offered is probably a familiar illustration of the trees which keep one from seeing the woods—with a number of signs offering reassuring statements to the effect that one is in the forest, after all.

Nevertheless these volumes merit attentive consideration from all who seek to know the society now prevailing in the United States. They afford more and better summaries of evidence than can be found elsewhere, and the sheer weight of the material they present is likely to act as a preventive against cheap quack theories spun out by this or that mind in a vacuum. Of course there are errors, or at least statements which look like errors. Thus we were glad to note that Mr. Fry, whose section on religion is competent and interesting, had read Father Ross's *COMMONWEAL* article on the Catholic birth rate. But the conclusions he bases on this article are erroneous. Father Ross certainly did not seek to prove that the Catholic birth rate is "greatly in excess of the Protestant rate." He didn't for the simple reason that data to establish such a proof are wholly lacking. Such mishaps are, however, inconsequential.

While a work of this character cannot be reviewed in the strict sense, we are of the opinion that setting down a few thoughts occasioned by reading through it

will spur some to getting the books for themselves. There can be little doubt that we are living in a genuinely changed world. This alteration is only remotely due to the depression. Almost every condition which an American born forty years ago regards as "new" has been produced by causes of long standing. We are, for instance, a nation of men and women. Yet the terms "men and women" are shifting when viewed as aggregate social phenomena. The structure of the population, together with the attitude toward the child and the grown individual, are quite different. Older America was a new continent, open to all who wished to enter and seemingly providing room for a well-nigh unlimited number of human beings. Today the country is on the verge of adopting the concept of a "calculated" population. Immigration has been restricted to the point where the stream of newcomers can be compared to the flow of water through a spigot which can be turned off and on at a moment's notice. Births have decreased in like manner, so that the age distribution of the population as a whole is radically different from what it formerly was. Here again "control" in one form or another is the watchword. Even where the theories of Margaret Sanger are repudiated, family limitation is noticeably the slogan of the times. In short, the American of the present has already adopted, half unconsciously, a point of view long since characteristic of the French.

This seems to us the most important of all the social changes chronicled in these books. What are the causes? First and foremost, it seems to us, is the religious development manifest during the past fifty years. During 1929, the Central Conference of Jewish Rabbis urged "the recognition of the importance of the control of parenthood as one of the methods of coping with social problems." That is an important and startling declaration. No one who knows a little about Jewish history and tradition needs to be told how violently this statement breaks with the past. Protestantism has hesitated on the whole to endorse this view, and the Catholic Church has opposed it. Nevertheless, common sense and statistics alike tell us that "control of parenthood"—often without any vicious implications—has been accepted by both Catholic and Protestant groups. The important thing to note here is the primacy of the "social problem." To this individuals and families are alike subordinate.

Precisely what is the "social problem"? To a certain extent it is the natural consequence of an industrial order dependent upon the existing instruments of production and distribution. Nobody can read the remarkable study of "The People as Consumers," contributed by Robert S. Lynd and Alice C. Hanson to the volumes under discussion, without realizing that our humdrum, every-day commerce involves the whole American community every step of the way. Take merely one instance. Just four pianos are used by every thousand American families, while forty out of every hundred families have radios. That is a com-

mentary not only on music in this country, but also upon the communizing of music in this country. And so with everything. Wages are part of manufacturing costs. Manufacturing costs can be paid only out of the proceeds of volume sales. But sales depend on wages, or at least upon the distribution of wealth.

Nobody can entirely escape the multitudinous effects of these things. On the other hand, the "social problem" is also the product of a point of view, of a *Weltanschauung*. In his excellent summary of "Government," Professor Merriam points out, for example, that while "the general attitude was that of hostility to governmental expansion as such or on any systematic theory, in fact the demand for government activities went on at a rapid rate at the very urgent insistence of business, labor, agriculture, the professions and the general public." This situation can be paralleled in almost every other sphere of our national activity. And in our opinion it means this: the American is conscious of "problems," especially of "social problems," but he is without any fundamental doctrine upon which to base a possible solution of these problems. Sometimes he is an individualist, as in his attitude toward such matters as business enterprise or divorce; sometimes he is a humanitarian, as witness his efforts to promote child health and cultural education; sometimes he is a collectivist, as his acquiescence to standardization proves. But he does not know why he is any one of these things, and frankly he doesn't care to know.

That is essentially what one means by a change of religious outlook. The "social problem" as it exists today is not just a difficulty. It is not even a quandary of major proportions, such as the reigning depression is. The "social problem" is an ideological magnet which draws all minds toward it, and *therefore* renders a solution impossible. The public mind is riveted to it in a kind of awe, and thinks of the rest of life as only periphery to the "problematical." Clearly the older, traditional order sponsored a quite different attitude. Then the important thing was a body of principle, to cling to which was the only thing needful. Possessing that, one could then go out to explore the human situation and discover whether the obstacles so thickly scattered about could be disposed of. Thousands of years of history were spent in establishing and fighting for bodies of principles. In our time, distinguished above all else for the emergence of the community, there is no such being as a "community conviction." We are practical. Our "social problems" are merely ways in which the specific characteristics of our practical tasks can be formulated. We tackle these tasks but from no place. Our solutions are like blows struck after a leap into thin air. To quote Professor Merriam again: "The real problem . . . goes down to the depths and up to the heights of modern social and economic life. Our governmental evils are in great measure symptoms of an underlying and tragic disunity in social interests, with the inevitable crumbling of standards and widespread apathy."

THE CATHOLIC DAILY

By JOSEPH F. HEALY

CATHOLICS, in general, have long criticized the daily press for publishing a limited amount of their denominational news. Some are of the opinion that this can be corrected by the establishment of a Catholic daily. They are wrong; it would only mean that then less Catholic news would be published in the secular newspapers.

When the Socialist party was at its peak in New York City in 1917, there was less news of the party carried in the regular daily papers than you will find today. At that time the Socialists maintained their own paper, the *Call*. This never had more than 33,000 circulation, but it managed to keep the details of the activities of the organization from the columns of the more widely read dailies, whose city editors only printed the more important items of Socialist import.

It is possible that we would be reading more news of the Christian Science Church in our favorite daily, if that denomination had not subsidized the *Christian Science Monitor* as the official voice of the church, for the reported sum of \$3,000,000.

Thus also of legislation. The late Samuel Gompers and his successor, William Green, shunned all attempts to launch a Labor party, and managed to have placed on the statute books legislation that a Labor party would have failed to enact, unless they were in the majority over a long period of years. The Prohibition party made little headway by nominating presidential, congressional and state legislative candidates, but finally succeeded in bringing about the Eighteenth Amendment by winning the coöperation of legislators of the two major parties.

Newspaper publishing is a highly specialized and technical business, one that requires a great deal of capital as well as trained staffs from the mailing room to the city room. There are few lines of business that have more ramifications than the publishing of a daily newspaper.

Only 7 percent of the operating costs of a paper are credited to the editorial departments; on press work, newsprint paper, distribution of the finished product and other branches of business it is not difficult to spend the additional 93 percent. There is a story told of one paper in a large city that moved its plant to the water front, thereby saving in the delivery charge of newsprint paper from the pier, the equivalent of rent for the new quarters.

In reopening an old question which has been discussed from many points of view, THE COMMONWEAL is fully aware that not everything can be said in one place and from one side. Nevertheless the "Catholic daily" must be thought of first of all as a practical business venture. It is possible to issue a weekly without putting the issue of monetary revenue first and foremost, because the costs involved, though heavy, are scarcely a fraction of the sums required for successful daily journalism. Mr. Healy is, we believe, competent to deal with the matter of newspaper management and expenditures.—The Editors.

Newspaper revenue, as everyone knows, is derived from advertising. Circulation is a dead loss. Mr. Adolph Ochs, former printers' devil and now publisher of the *New York Times*, speaking at a luncheon of the New York Advertising Club, told his audience that the production cost of each

copy of the *New York Times* is ten cents. The paper sells for two cents daily and ten cents Sundays. Mr. Ochs knows his newspaper manufacturing costs.

Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, formerly publisher of the *New York Evening Post*, estimated that a publisher contemplating launching a daily paper in New York City would need at least \$4,000,000 capital. This would not assure continuous publication, but would help "carry on" until the paper had proven its worth and held circulation, and the advertisers could no longer resist its sales value.

A Catholic daily newspaper would meet with more obstacles than a secular newspaper. Sensational news would have to be avoided, and even the most conservative papers are compelled to carry some of this copy for readers' interest; the scandal audience is not limited to the tabloids.

Advertising space buyers have found that in using one denominational paper the advertiser is expected to use them all, and the religious publishers will not listen to the merits of the particular periodical. The well-edited and widely circulated *Christian Science Monitor* carries little national advertising, although they cater to a rich sales market.

Religious papers, with rare exceptions, have not been any too accurate with their circulation statements; few of them are members of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the reports of which serve as an advertising space-buyers' bible. This of course could be overcome, but it would take many years to reestablish the confidence of space buyers.

The majority of the theatrical copy would have to be rejected, if offered, and this is likewise true of patent medicine advertising. Department stores could hardly be expected to conform to the strict censorship of advertising that would be essential for a religious daily.

Thus non-acceptable advertising would cut off the main source of revenue. And without ad copy the subsidy or endowment would run into millions beyond the initial capital that Mr. Villard says is necessary for a New York daily, and which is almost the same in any city with more than a million souls.

Contrary to common belief, and the wailing of newspapermen who lost their jobs through newspaper mergers, there are more papers in this country than merchants and manufacturers can appropriate money to advertise in, and the number of newspapers are becoming fewer each year. A new paper could find new readers, providing the production costs would not be applied to the news-stand price.

More imperative than a Catholic daily is the establishment of diocesan news bureaus throughout the country, under the direction of trained newspapermen who not only know the press of the key city, but the smaller dailies as well.

The man selected to head one of these news bureaus should be well compensated, and he should not serve as a diocesan press agent; his chief work would be the more important task of aiding newspapermen and special writers in their quest for particular copy. He would be able to dispense all diocesan news, and on liturgical questions that would require an authoritative answer he would have his consultants that he could reach by phone.

In this way he would lighten the burden of the ordinary, the vicar general and the chancellor of the diocese, to one or to all three of whom the newspaperman inevitably finds his way in order to be enlightened on religious news. Sometimes the assignment is trivial and the reporter could get his data at the nearest rectory; but without a regular channel to follow, the news writer, especially a non-Catholic, looks to the prelates.

The proposed bureaus would be of invaluable aid to city editors and writers of editorials. Time is a factor in publishing a newspaper, and editorials and stories sometimes have to be omitted when confirmation of fact fails.

Under such a plan all papers would receive the same consideration, and no copy would be held for general release until after the diocesan paper is in the mails. This has too often been the case.

The scarcity of Catholic news is known to every newspaper and press association editor in the country. In 1923, Thoreau Cronyn, who was then city editor of the New York *Herald*, gave me this verbal assignment:

There are more than three million Catholics in the metropolitan area and they are not getting their share of Catholic news. Survey the field and find out the reason.

In two days I reported that Catholic news was difficult to obtain due primarily to the want of centralized press bureaus. At the same time other denominations were flooding city desks with copy from almost every hamlet in the United States. One well-known religious organization conducting a national campaign had set up a press bureau resembling a city room, with editors to pass on both localized and national copy before its release.

The willingness of editors to accept Catholic news is borne out by the space given to those Catholic groups that have their own press departments. The success of the advance publicity for the Holy Name Convention and Rally held in Washington in 1924 was not due to any elaborate press bureau, but as publicity director of that event (I mention this with pardonable pride) I found no opposition in seeking space. If I had opposition it was not noticeable, as the 20,000 clippings we received later proved.

"The Story of the Holy Name Society," which was written for the occasion by the Very Reverend Michael J. Ripple, O.P.P.G., then national director, appeared in 180 papers, six consecutive weekly releases of two columns each totaling approximately 12,000 words. This feature appeared in a daily paper in every city of any size east of the Rocky Mountains, save Chicago, and one of the managing editors of that city wrote that he would have liked to carry the feature, but was too crowded for space due to the presidential campaign. Every daily in Buffalo wired for rights. It was a question of first come, first served.

Any publicity man or woman, who ever handled a Catholic campaign with the slightest news value, will attest to the statement that little effort is required in placing Catholic copy.

American newspaper publishers have been the victims of unfair Catholic criticism. They are only too willing to open their columns to Catholic news, if for no other reason than to balance their papers. Newspapers are public institutions, published for the benefit of a vast discriminating audience. The greater the variety of news the greater reader interest, and naturally advertising follows circulation.

Plagiarist

I face the mighty marble of the world.
 Blood-veined and patternless, it towers
 Above my little hammer poised, my chisel placed
 Ready with finite strokes to fashion forth Him.
 And I strike . . . but my technique? Forgot!
 Useless!
 Tools tumble from my fingers, lie mocking me
 silently.
 But then a Man
 (No stone maker but one whose studio is excellent
 at stars,
 At hills and flowers, of late a carpenter)
 Stands by me, pitying my artless way,
 Takes up the tools and holds them in my hands,
 bold striking with me.
 Now the marble flies in great chips. Ah!
 The Thought begins to shape . . . I had not
 dreamed . . .
 Exquisite! Stroke . . . stroke. . .
 The masterpiece, the majesty of Him leap from the
 stone.
 I turn. He is not there.

I carve my name beneath the work, *my* name.

AUGUSTUS CLARE.

THESES AND TEACHERS

By FRANCIS P. DONNELLY

A RECENT book, "Research and Thesis-Writing," by J. C. Almack, Ph.D., in treating of the style of a thesis says, with the author's own italics, "The most important principles of style are *accuracy, force and charm*. Accuracy means *say what you mean*, force means *say it so you will be understood*, and charm means *say it so your readers will agree with you*" (page 266).

I regret to state that I do not find these definitions charming. This particular reader does not agree with Dr. Almack. His accuracy, saying what you mean, is by most people called candor, sincerity or truthfulness. His force, saying what you mean so as to be understood, is clearness. His kind of charm, having your readers agree with you, can be found in grammars, in geometries and in many kinds of writing which no one has as yet designated as charming.

Dr. Almack may well be forgiven for vagueness about force and charm, which are diversely defined in modern books. There is less reason to forgive him for confounding force with clearness. The Doctor, however, might urge that he was talking about theses and that theses should have his prescribed qualities whatever name is applied to the qualities. In any case, Dr. Almack is cited here only as an introduction to a plea for the restoration of the master's thesis and the doctor's dissertation to their original status, and he serves to launch an argument for making original writers masters and doctors.

Dr. Almack's book is one of many such books which are helping to stereotype further, if possible, the conventional form of the master's thesis and of the doctor's dissertation, now the necessary preliminaries to the highest academic degrees. Europe does not seem to be moving toward the same goals. In the educational convention of November, 1932, sponsored by New York University, there was manifested a marked difference of opinion between American and European educators.

Europe still holds to the long-tested tradition in which a general education, mainly a humanistic training in composition, leads up to a professional career.

America seems committed to the policy of transforming education into something entirely specific, an education confined almost exclusively to trades, to professions and to experimental sciences. Some ardent modernists in education would cast aside as useless junk the whole tradition of education and reconstruct radically all existing agencies into molds for turning out masters and doctors of the 1932 American state-college model.

Culture, that word which has lost its good name by keeping bad company, is now used almost contemptu-

ously, as a sort of nosegay in the lapel of a graduate, or at best as a little seasoning added to the educational hamper to be carried out into life. The American revolution in education will be completed by a three and three plan when the individualized Montessori child is platooned in the grade school, departmentalized in the high school, specialized into a trade or profession on entering college, standardized into a bachelor of arts without any arts, stereotyped into a master of arts and a teacher (doctor) of philosophy, without displaying any tested mastery or ability to teach anything, much less philosophy.

Formerly academic degrees were granted only to those who spoke publicly and submitted orally to a test of their competence to express their views and to defend them before an audience. Culture then meant perfected powers of self-expression. Such a meaning is close to the original metaphor, which described culture as the outcome of cultivation. Even one who is ignorant of anything concerning farming would conclude that cultivation is a question of products, more than of planting.

Thus it may be cited as an example that voice culture is not even planted by reading the history of music, by understanding the physiology of the throat or by studying the physical science of sound. Voice culture is produced and tested by expression in conversation, in song, in public speaking. Voice culture denotes an act that has been developed by practice into an art.

Mind culture should mean an art for which expression is both the means of cultivation and the evidence of culture. *Operatio est perfectio esse*, a power reaches perfection in its operation, is the way the philosophers put the truth.

When a candidate for a degree defended his views publicly, listeners could form some idea of his ability to teach, and examiners had sensible evidence of body culture, voice culture and mind culture, because body, voice and mind gave expression to themselves. The harvest alone is the triumph of cultivation and the eloquent testimony of culture.

The possession today of an academic degree is often no evidence of culture, as it is often the result of no self-expression. The doctoral dissertation, which formerly was written in Latin and so gave visible proof that the candidate had mastered a classical language, is now usually written in the vernacular. The stylistic requirements are of the lowest.

Furthermore, agencies have advertised their readiness to supply theses and dissertations, for a compensation, and it is no profound secret that such treatises have been revised, have been composed and have had even their contents supplied by energetic secretaries. At

least the possibility of vicarious authorship cannot be denied.

Supposing finally that the treatise proceeds entirely from the candidate, granting that it has Dr. Almack's accuracy, force and charm, it may be nevertheless shallow, ineffective and boring.

Instead then of extending the field of such requirements for degrees, it should be rather restricted, and the public examination should have its former prominence in university circles. Then the candidate could speak or at least read the treatise. Then perhaps the conventional mold of masterships and doctorates might be destroyed and some place be afforded for originality. Then art and its equivalent, self-expression, could be plainly witnessed and fairly gaged. Then the thoroughness and profundity displayed by the candidate in the pin-point of research on which he centered, would receive a satisfying complement by radiating to the circumference of allied knowledge, and perhaps become humane and even human by the presence of an audience, never consciously present to the bound volume of a thesis.

When Professor George P. Baker opened his workshop for plays, he had the right idea of education. M. Maritain has lamented the passing away of the ateliers in Europe, which were the real schools of painting. Professor Baker began an atelier for plays. Education through the centuries, from Athens to Rome, from Rome to the Renaissance, from the Renaissance up to the twentieth century in Europe and in parts of the United States, has always had its classrooms as ateliers of composition.

The Renaissance programs of Sturm, of Erasmus, of Juan Luis Vives, of the Jesuit Plan of Studies, differed in details, but they all agreed upon the heritage of tradition, that culture meant cultivated powers of self-expression, that the best literature was the fittest means to produce mind culture, that the approach to literature by composition and by oral examinations should be the accepted order of the day.

This is still in a measure the practice in educational institutions throughout Europe today, and the doctorate dissertation taken from Germany with the omission of its public defense of accompanying theses should be restored to its former publicity, while the master's thesis should not be a small-sized dissertation but should be supplemented or better supplanted by an oral examination.

More than that, I, for one, should like to see the master's degree and even the doctor's degree be given for creative work as well as for discovery or research. Why should not a collection of poems, of essays, of editorials, of speeches, of one-act plays qualify for a degree? Why should not a longer play or a long historical essay, where attention was paid to true charm and to true force, be a measure of education as well as the stereotyped thesis or dissertation is?

The examinations that were prescribed according

to the Jesuit Plan of Studies used to consist of a discussion by the student and the examiners of the student's verse or prose composition. If composition was enforced and was sanctioned thus by public test, surely it would furnish evidence of education, of originality, of art, of a habit destined to endure for life.

The information imparted by the experimental sciences will be antiquated on the morrow or can be ascertained instantly by anybody from the latest encyclopaedia. The experimental sciences must change and it is their glory that they are always advancing. The fundamentals of chemistry, physics, biology, astronomy and of other sciences are subject to continual modification. Even much of the history learned in school is largely out of date before the student's schooling is over.

Yet, such studies are ousting from the curriculum the enduring principles of mathematics, of art, of ethics and philosophy. Literature is handled as history; its sources are traced, and its evolution and criticism discussed. Everything about it is insisted upon except its creation and its art. Let the master of arts be the master of at least one art, the art of composition, and let him be recognized and honored by giving him his letter for distinction in his art.

Is the purpose of the dissertation or thesis to prove simply that candidates are educated, or is it to guarantee to the world that they can teach and head a department? Then it must be admitted, I think, that the power to write clearly, interestingly and forcefully, evidenced in original work, affords equal proof of an education and as convincing a guarantee of teaching or of ability to manage. The ages have crowned the great writers as well as the great scientists and have bestowed an apotheosis on those who were great in science and art. The modern school should find a throne for creation as well as for research.

The Ghostly Hound

Stretched on the threshold of the night,
No neighbors spy
The heavy jaws but shun the sight,
On passing by:

The heavy jaws that sag and yawn
With hungry guile,
Until the coming of the dawn
Blurs them awhile.

O Hound of Death so darkly still,
Haunting the door!
Sniffing in silence at the sill,
Forevermore!

Grey ghostly house! Grey ghostly fears
Thronging the hall,
Until the last lone tenant hears
The hushed footfall!

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

FACTORS IN IRISH AFFAIRS

By PADRAIC COLUM

I SHALL begin by giving Mr. De Valera's administration a certain credit. Under his government there have been no political prisoners in Irish gaols. Those who advocate the overthrow of the Free State are permitted to form an army which declines to give any allegiance to the government and to issue a journal which continually demands action against the state. Mr. Cosgrave was logical: he refused to let this army come into open existence; he put in gaol those who recruited for it or who drilled in it, and he attempted to break up the societies on which that army is founded. Mr. Cosgrave's method was founded on strength, President De Valera's on weakness. But as a means of liquidating what the Republican Army stands for, I am not sure but that President De Valera's is not superior to Mr. Cosgrave's. The romantic interest that was attached to the I.R.A. as long as they were a secret organization, as long as their leaders were in gaol or on the run, has faded now that that army parades and talks and becomes politically partizan. President De Valera, God knows, is no Machiavelli, but if he were he could hardly have done more to depress the I.R.A. However, there are no political prisoners in Irish gaols today, and let us give the present administration credit for this situation.

I acknowledge that a prophecy which I made in an article published in *THE COMMONWEAL* last March—the prophecy that President De Valera's government would not be able to keep the country free from outbreaks of violence—has happily not been fulfilled. Ireland has had five months of non-violent history. But the major thesis of that article has been confirmed—the thesis that the Free State was an established concern, and that President De Valera and his colleagues would accept it as such. It has indeed stood the greatest strain that could have been put upon it—the strain of being governed by men who strove against it in arms and denounced it continually in their propaganda. The state that Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins founded and that William Cosgrave and his colleagues organized has not been altered one iota by the men who attacked it on every point and by every means—the army, the civil service, the police, the judiciary, the educational establishment are all left in the mold that the former government put them in. And Mr. De Valera as President of the Executive Council of the Free State has accepted the greatest honor that could be given to a European statesman today—he has presided at a session of the League of Nations, that League which his colleagues tried to prevent the Free State entering. The fact that the opposition has done nothing to alter its formation shows how substantially that state has been organized and how much of a sanction it has in the mind of the Irish public.

But what is this state whose establishment seems assured? Mr. Michael O'Kiersey, in an article contributed to *THE COMMONWEAL* some months ago, gave this version of the events which led up to its founding:

After months of intrigue and negotiation, the Anglo-Irish Treaty was signed in London under threat of "immediate and terrible war," and was released to the press of the world before it was presented to the government of the Irish Republic. The Free State was eventually established, although it was presented to Ireland as the only alternative to war. The protest of the nation was sealed with the blood of seventy-seven Republicans executed under the Cosgrave régime.

Michael O'Kiersey, like all the others who write in opposition to the Free State, glides over the fact that the treaty was ratified by the majority of the representatives of the nation, by Dail Eireann, and that without this ratification it could never have been implemented. Indeed in the passage which I have quoted there is everything that makes the critical intelligence impatient with the Republican and Fianna Fail spokesmen. The President of the National Assembly, Eamon De Valera (he was never president of any republic) was invited to open negotiations with a view to establishing new relations between Ireland and Great Britain. He went to London and spent weeks discussing affairs with the British Prime Minister who eventually informed him that there was no use in negotiating if the issue of the establishment of an Irish Republic was raised. Then he sent Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins to negotiate as plenipotentiaries for something less than a republic which was unattainable except by force of arms. They negotiated a treaty which was submitted to and ratified by Dail Eireann. Dail Eireann need not have ratified the treaty, and in that event negotiations would have to begin over again. Arthur Griffith was too much of a man to recommend the treaty to the Dail on the ground that it was an alternative to war. He recommended it on the just and proper ground: it was a treaty that gave the Irish people the opportunity of establishing and advancing themselves. He did not declare that the status it conferred upon them was for all time. "This treaty is no more a final settlement than we are the final generation of men," he said. All this talk about immediate and terrible war is childish to the last degree. All treaties are alternatives to war, immediate or remote, terrible or not so terrible; if there were no such threats there would be no treaties. (I wish to goodness the Michael O'Kierseys would get this into their heads and not make Ireland look so inexperienced in the eyes of the world.)

The treaty permitted northeast Ulster to get out

of the Free State if the majority in that part of the country wanted to set up a government of their own. But Griffith believed that if the treaty was handled in the right way northeast Ulster would draw back into the Free State, retaining state rights suitable to the people of an area which, in the main, have different interests from the rest of Ireland. I believe Griffith was right on this point: northeast Ulster would now be a part of the Free State if it had not been for the civil war started when the doctrinaire Republicans (to use the phrase made by Tom Kettle about Arthur Balfour and the English tariff reformers) nailed their leader, Eamon De Valera, to the mast. On the rejection of an amendment offered by him (an amendment which recognized the fact that a republic was out of the question) De Valera resigned the presidency of Dail Eireann (it was all he was ever president of) and Arthur Griffith was elected to succeed him. This transaction is something that Michael O'Kiersey knows nothing about, for he wrote, "Early in 1923, De Valera, as President of the de jure government of the republic. . . ." One wonders what there is in some Irish people that makes them go in for such play-acting. He had resigned the presidency of whatever he was president of, another man had succeeded him, and that other man had had a successor. To give him credit, Eamon De Valera has never gone in for this particular sort of humbug.

And why are the opponents of the Free State so tender-minded on the subject of violent deaths? They never, for instance, speak of the men they had occasion to put away. I don't mind their refraining from doing this if they didn't dwell on the executions carried out by the government they were out to destroy. "The protest of the nation was sealed with the blood of seventy-seven Republicans executed by the Cosgrave régime." How moving this sounds! But suppose I were to write, "The determination of the people to stand by the National Assembly, their only symbol of sovereignty, their only bulwark against recurring revolution, was sealed with the blood of Michael Collins, Kevin O'Higgins, Sean Hales and many less-known men, put out of the way by the anti-democrats." I would have much more respect for the party Michael O'Kiersey represents if they would say, "Yes, we dealt violently with so-and-so and so-and-so, for it is better that many men should perish rather than the republic be hindered from coming into being. Yes, we are aware that the vote in Dail Eireann on the treaty and the votes given in elections afterward favored the Free State party, but, as one of our leaders has said, 'the country has no right to do wrong.'" The opponents of the Free State are not likely to be so straightforward. Indeed the childish disingenuousness that was in Michael O'Kiersey's article is to be found in the official propaganda of the I.R.A. I have before me a copy of their organ, *An Phoblacht*. The front picture shows a list of executions carried out by the Cosgrave government with the British Prime Minister

standing over it. England, to the mind back of that picture, to the mind back of Michael O'Kiersey's article, always makes the move, and Ireland can never be conceived of as doing something on her own—it is a mind dominated by an inferiority complex, and so incapable of grasping the doctrine of Sinn Féin that one does not wonder at the fact that these people turned from Arthur Griffith. Michael O'Kiersey writes:

Many people are wondering what would happen should Britain decide to repeat her experiment of 1922 and demand the suppression of the Irish Republican Army.

As if Ireland or any other country would be so supine as not to act of her own volition in the case of an army that gives no allegiance to the government in existence. Either the army controls the government or the government suppresses the army—there is no two ways about it.

Michael O'Kiersey further states:

All executive authority of the Free State was vested in the king; the appointment of the Free State Executive Council was made the business of the governor-general, as representative of the British crown; the crown, through the governor-general, assumed the right of veto or suspension over all the enactments and constitutional amendments of the Free State Parliament, and provided that in the case of conflict between two copies of the parliamentary bill, "that signed by the representative of the crown shall prevail."

Does Mr. O'Kiersey want THE COMMONWEAL readers to believe that the Executive Council of which Mr. De Valera is President has been appointed by the governor-general? They claim they have been elected by the Irish people. I read his article on the day that an emergency bill which has put prohibitive tariffs on British goods entering the Free State was sent down to the governor-general who signed on the dotted line. Since then the Executive of the Free State has dismissed the governor-general.

And had President De Valera to ask anybody's leave when as representative of a state that had been elected to the Council of the League of Nations he went to open the deliberations of the assembly of fifty or sixty nations?

One point more and I shall have finished with Michael O'Kiersey's article. He writes, "Her harbors and coastal defenses were left in the control of the British navy." Suppose Michael O'Kiersey made this statement to a Belgian, Danish or Norwegian statesman, what answer would he receive? "Yes, the harbors of Ireland as well as the harbors of Denmark, Norway, Belgium and, I should add, Portugal are under the control of the British navy the moment war starts. There is nothing to be done about it and you are no worse off than the rest of us because this is written in a document. And now, my good young Irishman, remember that your country is, for various reasons, an influential member of the League of Na-

tions. Have her back up our attempts to internationalize the world's navies. When that is done—and it is not a remote possibility—the clause in your treaty will have no interest.”

I have said that the present government has made no attempt to alter the formation of the Free State. It is true that they have initiated a measure to remove the oath of faithfulness that deputies take to the head of the British Commonwealth. But President De Valera has insisted that the abolition of the oath makes no essential alteration either in the treaty which brought about the existence of the Free State, nor in the Constitution—that the removal of the oath, in fact, gives more stability to the state by removing a grievance and so making possible participation in the government of the country by a group that has remained aloof. It may be that he is clear-sighted in this. In a little over a year, if his government retains office, the oath will no longer be a part of parliamentary procedure. But then Ireland and Great Britain will be faced with the query as to whether the removal of the oath is or is not a breach of an international arrangement. If one of the parties to the arrangement, Great Britain, decides that it is such a breach, I hope that a referendum will be taken in the Free State on the question whether the twenty-six counties want to leave the British Commonwealth or to stay in it. And if the decision to leave is taken, I hope that all discussion about getting back will be sternly prohibited for a period of ten years; and if the decision to stay in is taken, I hope that the raising of the treaty issue will likewise be discountenanced for the same period. In saying this I am repeating what Mr. McDermott, one of the independent members in the Dail, has said.

Personally, I am not in favor of President De Valera's policy which gives, I think, the Free State the disadvantages of being outside the British Commonwealth without any of the advantages of being a separate state. And I am not impatient for the creation of a separate republic, for the reason that I see no possibility of northeast Ulster joining a state separated from Great Britain. When we have a united Ireland we can talk about a change of status, but until that time comes such talk is merely impolitic. I am for having the Free State run in strictist conformity with the treaty.

I had hoped to see ten years more of freedom in the Free State from debate on the Anglo-Irish or Hiberno-English relations—a debate which, to my mind, distracted the people from the real issue. And what is the real issue? I shall mention manifestations of it: Children trudging to school three miles away, a comfortless and unlovely school at which they arrive weary and dispirited. The cup of cocoa, the plate of stew, that might mean the difference between vigorous youngsters and devitalized little mites, will not be there for them. Young men leaning against walls of empty buildings all the way from Waterford to Galway, and

from Galway to Dublin, without prospect of employment and without the energy or training that would make them go out and discover some way of making a decent living. Villages and a countryside that are deadlier than anything in a dead New England. A whole country that does not support a single artist (well, perhaps it supports one), writer, painter, sculptor or musician. These, to my mind, are what mark the real issue. They could have been dealt with, they were being dealt with, within the framework of the Free State. Lord Balfour was the most unrelenting of the opponents of Irish nationality; he took the ground that self-government for the country would mean more and more disorder in it, and yet his spokesman, Lord Middleton, had come to declare that no small state in the world had made such progress as the Free State had done. It is because I believe that Ireland could never now be assimilated to English civilization, that there is something of original genius in the country, that the formal connection with the Commonwealth of British Nations does not trouble me at all. When the time comes, Ireland will go on her own way.

Knowing that I shall be accused of making little of “principles” and “reasons,” I shall take refuge behind a familiar piece of history. The new-born United States entered into a defensive alliance with France, whose navy and whose supply of army officers had made the establishment of the sovereign republic a possibility. Soon afterward France found herself at war with Great Britain. She demanded that the United States go to war as her ally. George Washington was jeered at for delaying action. But Washington knew there was something higher than “principles” and “reasons”—the welfare and destiny of his country. He refused to enter a war that would lay the States open to attack from both sides and delay their cohesion. He entered into a treaty with Great Britain, a treaty that gave the States the security they needed at the moment, even though it was a treaty on England's terms. We can imagine how certain Irishmen, how Michael O’Kiersey, would have delivered themselves—how they would have appealed to “principles” and “reasons,” those “principles” so dear to near-statesmen and which real statesmen are always ready to pawn for bread, or security, or power, and those “reasons” which are so cogent for “intellectuals” and which men of real intellectual capacity know to be excuses for an inability to face fundamental situations. To repair the disorder and neglect which are in Ireland, we need a statesman who is not thinking of “principles” or “reasons” but of how much actual work has to be done to give Ireland the well-being and security that Brittany, say, has. We need a Monsignor Seipel, of whom a French journal said the other day:

His silence was worth millions and millions of francs and pounds to Austria. He showed that quiet dealing, not rages, is the best weapon for a people who have not great forces at their command.

THE TRIALS OF A DEBTOR

By ERNEST F. DuBRUL

VERY many, perhaps most, of the world's depression troubles are caused by the money and debt phases of our economic system. If business men knew and acted on a few realities about money and credit, we should not have booms, which in turn lead to our hated depressions. But we love our booms so much that we have no patience with those few who, in a boom, dare to point out how the boom is inevitably generating a subsequent depression. Things which students of money and credit have learned to recognize as mounting evidences of inevitable collapse are taken by most of us as evidences of prosperity. So we naively insist on shutting our eyes to these fundamental realities, and insist on basing our actions on fallacious "imaginations." When the collapse finally becomes evident, we still try to brush painful realities aside, and to persist in acting on our illusions as to the nature of real money, credit money, credit instruments and debts. Of course the realities finally get their way, but at great pain of mental readjustment.

One stark reality which we neglect in both booms and depressions, is that gold is the only real money in the civilized world, and probably will continue so for a long time to come. This is obscured by the fact that we seldom handle gold pieces in every-day trade, an enormous percentage of which is conducted with paper money and checks, expressed in gold units. We forget that these very convenient substitutes for gold are as "good as gold" only to the extent that they can be converted into gold at face value. The minute that its convertibility is impaired in any degree, any paper money will sell at a discount compared to gold.

Credit instruments of solvent debtors, such as checks, drafts, notes, bonds, and debit accounts expressed in money units, are likewise only as good as the gold equivalent which the creditor will receive from the debtor on due date. Any fear that these instruments will not be convertible into gold at face value, causes them to lose as much of their "goodness" as is represented by the discount from gold which the creditor may have to accept to convert the debtor's payment into gold.

Some loose thinkers maintain that debts are really paid in goods, because debtors must sell goods to procure money. But the obvious fact is that debts are always paid in money and not in goods. Debtors use credit money as a convenient way of transferring to creditors a title to gold, but fundamentally the debtor pays in money—even though neither party touches actual gold. And he pays as much as the credit money is worth in gold. Currency debasement by government action relieves the debtor of part of his gold obligation while confiscating some of the creditor's gold title, but, even if paid in debased money, the debt is paid in gold

to a creditor who has been short changed by government action.

Another reality is that every debtor speculatively contracts to deliver gold, or its equivalent, at a future time. He sells a "gold future" short, just as definitely as a speculator on the wheat market sells a wheat future short, when he contracts in May to deliver wheat in December. Every debtor is a "short" in the gold market, to the gold value of the debt at the time of its incurrence. Debasement of the currency may result in a debased delivery, but the trade, when made, is a "short" sale of gold which the debtor expects to be able to procure by the time the debt is payable.

If many people contract to deliver more wheat in December than is available at that time, there is a squeeze of "shorts" in the wheat market, and wheat prices go up. Now, we all like to see high prices for wheat, so we do not sympathize much with the injudicious wheat shorts, who get caught in such a squeeze. We would not call on the government to cut down the size of the bushel so they could deliver the number of bushels contracted for, though less actual wheat.

Most of us feel the same way about a squeeze of shorts in the stock market. We may then even unctuously repeat the old Wall Street doggerel:

He who sells what isn't his'n
Has to pay or go to prison.

But because of our confused thinking about money, because of our failure to recognize that the debtor made a short sale of gold, a squeeze of shorts in the gold market gets many of us to sympathize with various schemes of so-called "debtor relief." Yet every one of these debtor relief plans involves two things. The first is that the debtor shall not suffer the full consequences of fulfilling his contract, and the second is that the creditor shall pay for the debtor's mistakes as well as for the creditor's own mistakes.

Some debtor sympathizers advocate debasement of our money standard—obliquely calling it "revaluation"—which is bald outright confiscation of part of every claim not specifically providing for payment in gold money of the weight and fineness current at the time the debt was made. Others get laws passed creating Farm Relief and Reconstruction Finance Corporations which are bald pieces of Socialism that saddle the losses of certain classes of debtors—gold shorts—onto the main body of citizens without their knowing of it. Every squeeze in the gold market brings forth loud calls for credit expansion, which means that debtors should be allowed to go further into debt, and so make the squeeze all the worse later on.

Even the present head of the Reconstruction Corporation entertains the idea that the banker's duty is

to look after borrowers rather than to protect depositors. But our banking troubles arose from a rather extensive practice of this very doctrine, and only those banks who did not practise it too much were able to survive. It is passing strange that politicians and others who get all worked up over short selling of stocks and commodities, have only words of praise for credit expansion, for borrowing oneself out of debt, for relief of those who went too short on the gold market.

We have loud calls for "reflation" of prices, for inflation of the paper money supply, to aid debtors. Of course these calls conveniently forget the interests of creditors, of bank depositors, of insurance policy holders, of wage earners whose wages, now reduced, would be a long time rising to meet the "reflated" prices. It is assumed that the wage earner will gain more in employment than he will lose by the high cost of living reflected in the "reflated" prices. But unless the wage earner is over his ears in debt, this assumption seldom proves valid.

In a gold squeeze, we hear ingenious arguments to the effect that a debt isn't at all the same thing on pay day as it was when incurred, because it takes more goods or more effort to procure the money which the debtor contracted to pay. But those who make this argument are seldom willing to do the reverse in times of rising prices, that is, to give the creditor more dollars on pay day than were borrowed, because the purchasing power of gold had fallen and the creditor's dollar would not buy as much as when the loan was made.

Nowadays, however, the realist gets a glowering look if he points out that business borrowers incurred debts in the expectation of realizing a business profit by converting the proceeds of the loan into business goods. The consumer borrower, who buys goods on the deferred payment plan, incurs debts in the expectation of realizing more satisfactions than he can out of his current income. But as neither class borrowed goods from the creditor, and as neither debtors nor creditors nominated anything about goods in the contract, only by twisted thinking can it be thought right to transfer the debtors' losses on goods to the creditors.

Some of us are quite willing to admit that the rules of the debt game are not as good as we would like to see them, and are willing to work to improve the rules for future play. But as to those who have already played and lost, it seems to be sound Catholic morals to hold the debtor responsible for business debts which he voluntarily incurred. It is not Catholic doctrine that he shall keep his property intact and refuse to pay his debts. The realistic Catholic doctrine seems to be that just debts must be paid, even to the sacrifice of the debtors' property.

Another fact about credit is that the banking system can and does create purchasing power out of "blue sky" hopes of future income. The borrower in practice must pledge his current property, as security for the loan, and writes checks against the book credit, in payment for the goods he buys with the bank credit.

Spending borrowed credit is very exhilarating all around. It creates much business activity, employment and comfort. It would be a wonderful thing if it could go on without any end of the "new era" which such spending of blue sky hopes always creates. But when they negotiate the credits, debtors agree to pay back money in satisfaction of the debts.

Here another cold fact enters, this being that most debt burdens are lightly assumed when profits are good, and when prices are high. Enormous amounts of debt are contracted on the belief that the then current high levels of prices will continue and even go higher, thereby making debts easier to pay. This in spite of experience that every such orgy of spending large parts of one's previous accumulations in the shape of loans is always followed by a painful pay-off.

It is the spending of blue sky future hopes through credit which generates our booms, and it is the pay-off of debts that makes our depressions. If we were in a barter economy, if we really did exchange goods for goods, if our monetary units were only tokens that measured these exchanges, exchanges of goods could go on in slowly widening circles until every family had a flock of automobiles and every other kind of thing which they desire. But as it is physically impossible, we do no such thing as exchange goods for goods. Most of us sell our services, labor, etc., for money, with which we buy goods from others.

Some of us borrow money, not goods, and we contract to deliver money, not goods, not even the same purchasing power on pay day. If our loan contract were for delivery of either goods or purchasing power, we would not have so much difficulty as we get into in contracting to pay money.

Then if too many people agree to do this at about the same time, pay day becomes a scramble for money. To get money merchants must sell goods at prices that are lower than those they hoped to be able to get. Producers must work up inventories on hand and not buy new materials. So the stream of production is shut off, until the conversion of goods into money has gone far enough to pay down the debts incurred, and we have depression. If we had not created credit booms, we would never have pay-off depressions, with all their hardships.

Debt contracts being what they are in fact, and not at all what people wish they were, when the pay-off comes it is not popular to point out realities like these. The creditor did not undertake to carry any of the debtor's risk of adverse changes in prices of the debtor's goods. Neither did the debtor contract to give the creditor any of the profits that might arise from favorable changes in the prices of the debtor's goods. Risks voluntarily assumed by the debtor are quite different from those assumed by the creditor, but both of them voluntarily assumed some risks when the loan was made.

It would be much better if we faced the fact that those who assume this "short" position in the gold

market take all the chances of change in prices of the goods or services which they will have to exchange to procure gold or its equivalent when the pay-off is due. The debtors assumed those risks for the term of the debt, while the creditors assumed the risk of the debtors remaining solvent enough, for the same term, to repay the money borrowed.

Since the public did not force the debtor to assume these risks, it seems no concern of the public to make good his losses. Not everybody went into debt to buy goods or property with their blue sky hopes turned into purchasing power by some bank. So those who kept out of debt should not pay the socialized losses of those who did. The curious philosophy of making progress by making debts and then defaulting on them while retaining the proceeds seems to have gained large currency. Probably this is because such spending creates much activity and employment. But as so much of it is done at the very top of a boom, it also intensifies the risks assumed by the debtors. In anticipation of still higher prices, merchant debtors stock up on merchandise which they do not immediately sell. Producer debtors increase their plants and output, beyond the effective demand of their markets. Both classes of expenditure do distribute purchasing power for a while and actually but temporarily increase employment, as well as demand for goods on the part of wage earners engaged in production.

But this spending of proceeds of business loans brings into play the much-mentioned but little-understood law of supply and demand. Production capacity as well as goods are produced in excess of profitable sale, with the proceeds of credit. When the creditor asks for payment as per contract, the debtor must offer these excess goods on the market where supply is then greater than effective demand. Down go prices, and hoped for profits vanish into the blue sky whence the credits came. But the debt contract remains to be paid off, regardless of the blasted hopes of the one who incurred it.

In this way excess debt—which is always excess credit—defeats the very profit objective which brought it into being. If this hurt only those who indulged in the excess, we could shrug our shoulders and watch them take their medicine alone. Unfortunately, it hurts all the rest of us by deranging the whole economic machine.

Since excess debts and credits are at the bottom of the trouble, and since our banking system is the only source which can create such an excess blue sky credit, we can fairly lay on the banks the major responsibility for the depressions which are the certain aftermath of the credit orgy, which the banks actually promote instead of prevent. The banker is a merchant of credit and he is just as prone to oversell his customers as any other merchant is. But the overselling of bank credit has a much wider effect than overselling of merchandise. It is not only evil in itself, but it promotes the farther evil of overexpansion of sales of goods.

Another realistic fact is that, besides being a creditor, the banker is a debtor to his depositors, in a peculiarly fiduciary way. His business is "charged with a public interest" in a very special fashion. The public itself is somewhat to blame in allowing banking to be as little restrained as it has been in the performance of its function. But the bankers are more to blame because they procured the loose banking laws that have brought on disaster. These laws have allowed too many inefficient banks to operate, and have allowed too great leeway even to efficient banks to operate according to their managers' own sweet wills. Then when these facts resulted in a cataclysmic breakdown of the unsound credit structure they had created, the banks themselves promoted the Socialistic device known as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation which in effect is an attempt to save unsound banks at the public's expense.

It is amusing to hear bank officers praise the beneficent wisdom of having the Reconstruction Corporation back of the banking system. It is more amusing to hear them condemn in the next breath the idea of compulsory guarantees of bank deposits, at the expense of the banking business. But it is even more amusing to note their bewilderment if one then points out their lack of perception of the fact that the Reconstruction Corporation is expected in practice to guarantee deposits by taking over assets that other banks do not consider good banking assets.

Some of us can't understand why the public should make good the losses of badly managed banks, if the banks themselves will not do so. The public can and should insist on the mutual guarantee of deposits by the banking system itself. This can be done by compelling all banks to be members of the Reserve System and then compelling the Reserve Banks to guarantee the deposits of all member banks. In such case the Reserve Banks would see to it that bank officers would be men who know what real banking is and would see that they would conduct only sound banks.

The Reserve Banks should be given effective control over the credit mechanism of the banking system, and the Reserve Board should be held responsible for control of banking abuses. Most bankers say that this is too much governmental interference with their business. But since the banks themselves procured the entry of the government into the banking business by establishment of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, some of us cannot see logic in this objection. In fact some of us wonder how the bankers can answer the Socialist who wants to socialize the profits as well as the losses from banking.

Some of us believe that the safe road is the middle road set forth in the papal encyclicals which point out the duty of the state to control abuses, and show the danger of giving Socialism a foothold by fighting against control of abuses. Some of us fear that the banks have already thrown wide open the door to Socialistic banking.

EDUCATORS IN TOKYO

By JOHANNES LAURES

FROM June 12 to June 19, 1932, there was great joy at the Catholic University in the Japanese capital. The buildings under construction for nearly two years were at last completed and dedicated. On Sunday, June 12, His Excellency Monsignor Mooney, Apostolic Delegate to Japan, blessed the new structure and celebrated a pontifical high Mass in the grand hall of the university. More than four hundred persons attended the service and over two hundred received Holy Communion.

The services over, the Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishop of Tokyo, Bishop Ross, S.J., of Hiroshima and the clergy of the city dined in the refectory of the faculty building. All were rejoiced at the final surmounting of numerous difficulties and the happy completion of a work of such great importance for the spread of the Gospel in Japan. Here met in the true spirit of Catholic brotherhood bishops and priests from more than seven nations, forgetting all racial differences in their united interest in the Catholic Church, whose cause Sophia University is to further.

The secular celebration of the opening took place on the morning of June 14. Among many distinguished guests were the Apostolic Delegate, the Belgian Ambassador, doyen of the Tokyo diplomatic corps, the German Chargé d'Affaires, a member of the Italian Embassy, a representative of the Japanese Ministry of Education, the President of Keio University and representatives of various universities, learned societies and Catholic schools. They were welcomed by the president of the university, Dr. Hoffman, S.J., who then gave an address, reviewing the history of the university and outlining the principles of Catholic education. He said among other things:

"This university is sometimes called the 'Catholic University,' but this does not mean that Catholic theology is among the subjects taught in the institution, for that would be contrary to the enactments of Japanese law. Sophia University is a scientific representative of the Catholic Church in Japan. Its mission is to show that the Catholic *Weltanschauung* is based on solid scientific foundations and that it gives a satisfactory answer to all great problems of human life. Catholic educators have always been convinced that true education means not merely imparting useful and necessary knowledge, but above all formation of character. The Catholic Church is a world church, and as such gladly acknowledges whatever is good in every nation. Hence it is not opposed to what is admirable in the Japanese people and its culture. . . .

"We confidently hope that from Sophia University will go forth young men who love their country, who are loyal to their emperor and who show their loyalty by faithful fulfilment of their duties, young men, I say, who identify their own happiness with the welfare of their country."

After Father Hoffmann's address, some of the guests conveyed their congratulations. The Belgian Ambassador, in the name of his colleagues, expressed highest appreciation of the work of the university. His words made a deep impression. The German Chargé d'Affaires read a telegram the Ambassador had sent on his way to Germany, as well as a message of congratulation from the German Minister of Foreign Affairs and a telegram from the German President von Hindenburg which aroused great enthusiasm. The President of Keio University congratulated the students of "Sophia" on their splendid building. In conclusion, the new "Sophia Hymn" was sung for the first time, accompanied by trumpets.

Shortly before the opening celebration, and during the week,

gatherings, entertainments and exhibitions of various kinds were held. Especially noteworthy was an exhibition of Christian art by Japanese artists, of which the Reverend Hildebrand Jaiser, O.S.B., wrote in the *Japan Advertiser* of June 7:

"Some three years ago the Christian artists of Japan organized themselves into a group for the purpose of mutual encouragement and to insure a closer coöperation in promoting the movement of a national Christian art. The result has been a most happy one, for today we are having the first public exhibition of paintings by these artists in Sophia University. . . . Entering the hall one is agreeably surprised to find a large *kakemono* of the risen Christ, a powerful creation conceived on a gigantic scale. There are also scenes from the early persecutions, in which one is most struck by the happy union of ancient Japanese technique with new and individual expression. . . . There are other lovely and original compositions showing scenes of Japanese home life and one charming and vividly felt Christmas idyll. . . .

"For the first time also Japanese architecture has been brought a step closer to the Catholic Church, and we must congratulate the author of a series of adapted sketches and plans for a Catholic college chapel.

"Genre-paintings, 'atelier-corners' and still life, in other rooms, show us the energetic tendency of some of the artists to keep pace with the methods and technique of European impressionism. Even two impressionistic color sketches are included in the exhibition. Colored woodcuts show us that the old and famous art of Ukiyoe is still making progress toward something new in color and line.

"If we add the cartoons for stained glass windows, some good specimens of *Unterglas* paintings and one brilliantly composed mosaic, we must say that this little group of artists has really made a very good start."

On June 9, Dr. Noelte, dean of the Institute of Music and Allied Arts in Chicago, started a course of lectures on the development of Western music which attracted a good many visitors to the beautiful hall of Sophia University. To illustrate these lectures Mrs. Noelte played selections from various masters on the piano. On June 19 a concert by the best Tokyo orchestra was given under the auspices of the Catholic University in the Tokyo Young Men's Club. One of Dr. Noelte's compositions was on the program and he himself conducted the orchestra.

One evening the students of the university gave a theatrical entertainment. In addition to two short Japanese pieces they played Lord Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn," in English, and "Das Tellspiel der Schweizer Bauern," by Johannes Weinrich, in German. The two last pieces gave good evidence of the successful study of English and German at the university.

The greatest crowd was drawn by the Goethe centenary celebration on Friday, June 17. More than five hundred visitors crowded the hall. After an opening address by Professor Uda, the quartet of the German Club sang the famous "Haidenröslein," and the university chorus sang another song by the master poet of Weimar. A Japanese professor spoke on Goethe as the poet of patriotism and Father Müller, S.J., developed the central idea in Goethe's life. The audience was stirred to enthusiasm when Mrs. Noelte accompanied on the piano some Goethean songs which a Japanese tenor sang beautifully in German. This most successful evening closed with a film on the ancient "Faustlegende."

The Japanese being fond of sports, a sports meet at the playground of the university, in the outskirts of the city, was one of the features of the celebrations.

There was a gathering of the students and professors in the grounds of the university on Saturday evening, June 18. Their enjoyment of each other's company showed the wonderful spirit that binds together faculty and students. Although the majority of the students are pagans, their attachment to their teachers and their school gives hope that Catholic education will lead many to the bosom of the Church.

So great was their pleasure in the opening of their new school that the Jesuit Fathers can forget the trials and hardships endured for the last eighteen years. The outbreak of the Great War caused enormous loss to Sophia University by wiping out a substantial sum of money deposited in Germany. This made the Fathers unable to comply with the government regulation of 1918 requiring a deposit of \$300,000 for the granting of a charter. While endeavoring to secure the funds, the great earthquake in 1923 destroyed the beautiful university building so that a great part of the money collected had to be spent for erecting a temporary building. After enormous difficulties the charter foundation was secured in the spring of 1928, on condition that new buildings would soon be erected. World-wide depression made it impossible to obtain the funds for the costly structure, and thus a heavy debt had to be contracted. How to repay their debt fills the Fathers with anxiety. But they have faith in God's Providence that has, up to the present, visibly watched over their work. They count upon the generosity of their Catholic brethren in the various countries of the world, and above all upon the Catholics of the United States.

The new buildings contain a beautiful hall which accommodates 500 to 600 persons, a temporary library for some 50,000 volumes with a large reading room, and classrooms for 800 students. The university proper has about 350 day students, whereas the extension and language evening courses number about 200 each. The old and new buildings together can easily accommodate 1,500 persons, and for a number of years to come there will be no need for a further extension.

Sophia University is one of the smaller universities of the country, but its standard of learning is of the very highest and the prospects of its graduates finding employment are much better than those of many a large institution. The Japanese government is most favorably disposed toward the Jesuit Fathers and their school, fully appreciating the importance of an institution which has as its object the teaching of sound and solid doctrine as well as training good and loyal citizens.

May the impressive celebration of the opening of Sophia University be an indication of the growing importance of Catholic education and of the ever-growing influence of the Catholic Church in the "Land of the Rising Sun."

Divine Lullaby

Rest, my Baby, Gift of God,
In my arms I hold You fast;
Close Your eyelids now, and sleep—
Tired those eyes ere life be past.

Blest am I, and full of grace,
Mother of God's only Son—
But my mother heart must break
Ere Your life on earth be done.

Closer, closer to my breast,
Closer still my arms be twined—
Gift of God, how few the years
Ere I give You to mankind!

LEONARD YOUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

PROHIBITION AND INTOLERANCE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The good-tempered communication from Walter H. Clark in your issue of January 4 calls for some comment in the same spirit. He is correct in attributing to me the view that prohibitionists "have something in common" with intolerant persons; he is incorrect in assuming that I think of these two groups as "practically identical." What I tried to say in my letter was that certain elements in the prohibitionist mentality reinforced the mentality peculiar to religious intolerance. A prohibitionist is more liable to sin against religious tolerance than a non-prohibitionist. If we take two equally numerous groups of Protestant voters, the one composed of confirmed prohibitionists, the other of confirmed anti-prohibitionists, we shall probably find at least three times as many intolerant persons in the former group as there are in the latter.

Mr. Clark infers that since the great majority of prohibitionists merely wish to "terminate what they consider to be a social evil," they have no desire to "deprive citizens of fundamental rights." No such explicit desire, indeed, but a willingness to do so, is implicit in their conception of the liquor traffic as "a social evil." This is a one-sided judgment. The liquor traffic is not merely "a social evil"; it is a social institution which the great majority of the inhabitants of the Western world have for many centuries regarded as good and useful. The prohibitionist disregards this paramount fact, ignores the satisfactory experience of the great majority of those who have supported this social institution and takes no account of the natural right of man to continue to maintain and enjoy this institution. He turns his back upon all the foregoing facts and conditions and concentrates his gaze upon the bad features of the liquor traffic. In his eyes, the whole institution is simplified into a social evil. Obviously this attitude is both illiberal and intolerant.

Mr. Clark is right in assuming that my main interest was in "giving a dig at causes" which I dislike, but he is wrong in thinking that I had in mind chiefly "religious intolerance." What I wanted to stigmatize primarily was the contemptible tactics of such prominent prohibitionists as Bishop Cannon, who deliberately aroused and vastly increased religious intolerance in the presidential campaign four years ago. This was high treason against genuine Americanism and a flagrant violation of the ethical principle that the end does not justify the means. Incidentally, I desired to express my great satisfaction with the devastating retribution that overtook both religious intolerance and prohibition in the election of 1932. Another object of my attack was the assertion of the "distinguished Catholic prohibitionist" that my statement against prohibition before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, February, 1930, did more harm to the Catholic cause than all Senator Hefflin's speeches. Still another object was the proposition that the Catholic cause would be promoted by Catholic activity on behalf of prohibition.

There were, however, two specific instances of religious intolerance that I wanted to take "a dig at." The first was the appeal to intolerance contained in the sentences which I quoted from the Washington correspondent of several influential Methodist publications. To the honor of the Methodist name and, no doubt, to the chagrin of the aforesaid correspondent, vast numbers of this denomination ignored in the recent election this thinly disguised plea for bigoted voting.

The other instance of intolerance was set forth in my quotation from the editorial in the October 18, 1928, issue of the *Christian Century*. In this excerpt, the editor of this professedly liberal journal defended those Protestants who intended to vote against Governor Smith because he represented "an alien culture; a mediaeval mentality; an undemocratic hierarchy and a foreign potentate." These alleged "disabilities" are obviously neither a constitutional nor a rational disqualification for the Presidency of the United States. They are simply irrelevant.

Mr. Clark is less than fair to me in the last three paragraphs of his letter. He construes my article as an attempt "to brand prohibition as Protestant intolerance." I had no intention of discussing religious intolerance as such, nor do I believe that the majority of prohibitionists are "Protestant bigots." As stated above, my animus was directed solely against those prohibitionists who utilized anti-Catholic intolerance in 1928. Never have I felt unkindly toward the great majority of persons who entertain feelings of intolerance against their Catholic fellow citizens, for I am too well aware of the centuries-old anti-Catholic tradition of which they are the inculpable heirs and victims. The men who use their position as leaders to exploit religious intolerance are subject to an entirely different judgment. They ought to know better and most of them do know better. Their activities ought not to be covered with the mistaken charity of silence. The cause of religious tolerance is not promoted when such men are permitted to go entirely unwhipped of justice.

No, Mr. Clark, I did not "call attention to the fact of Protestant bigotry." All that I tried to do was to emphasize the detestable and discredited exploitation of bigotry by some prominent prohibitionists.

JOHN A. RYAN.

MANUFACTURING THE WRITER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I am inexpressibly shocked and mortified to discover that Mr. Ernest Brennecke, jr., a scholar who has always impressed me as having something valuable to impart, should so thoroughly forget his profession as a teacher of English as to quote only a fragment out of an article of mine in order to take issue with me. "It happens that I subscribe to the belief that no one can teach anyone else to write," is the sentence which Mr. Brennecke lifts from my column, and then he expresses his sympathy because I have to bolt down a half-dozen freshly minted books a week and write my impressions every day. He forgives the writer's "hasty and inept utterance" on the debatable ground that "his job compels him to deliver such statements as are generally accepted." Altogether it makes a pretty lead, in fact I think his first paragraph is a better "device to keep his readers awake" than anything he says later—but there again I am anticipating.

When I made this extraordinarily inept statement I was answering one of numerous letters of inquiry about discussion clubs which pretend to teach writing, and my full sentence read thus: "It happens that I subscribe to the belief that no one can teach anyone else to write, but this does not shut out my conviction that much stimulation to writing and thinking is gained in open discussion." I continued by saying that such discussion might even lead some young writers to discover that they have nothing to say. I find that Mr. Brennecke believes that classes in writing can stimulate as well as unmask the aspiring writer, so that I ought to get credit from him for having approached, in the second half of my sentence, something which he elaborates in the course of a long paragraph.

Having thus made a bid for mitigation of punishment, I discover that he says that "genius and natural aptitude cannot be created out of nothing by teaching." I had the same idea, and I took pains not to confuse writing with the teaching of English composition, which he describes in a large part of his article. Making students literate was not in my mind, neither was I thinking of the merely competent writing which fills our shelves and our magazines. When I spoke of writing I was thinking of the sense in which Stevenson said he had learned "how to write," and in which Conrad expressed himself. Perhaps courses such as Mr. Brennecke describes would have helped them to conquer their medium, although I doubt it. Schools would probably have stimulated both authors, but in what direction I hesitate to guess.

I am glad to hear the good report of Mr. Brennecke's results, and await with interest his list of the forty or fifty novels, ranging from the merely competent to the widely admired, that were written and published by faculty and students. I should like to know how many of the authors were actually taught to write, and what their product is like.

I don't want to have to wait a whole generation to discover how thoroughly inept the first half of my opening sentence has turned out to be.

HARRY HANSEN.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I am inexpressibly astonished and delighted to discover that Mr. Hansen, who has always seemed to me an admirably industrious and popular critic, considers the casual article of a doddering pedagogue worth the trouble of a brilliant reply. I am even more pleased to observe that he, being a highly intelligent fellow, really agrees with me in principle. Our quarrel turns out to be chiefly verbal rather than material. But I, too, am anticipating.

I still feel quite justified in lifting his statement out of its context, because no added qualification can serve to mitigate the false impression that it gives to the ordinary reader. When anyone reads, "No one can teach anyone else to write," the damage is done, and can scarcely be remedied by the reflection that the word "write" is being used in a very restricted and special sense. By "writing," common people such as I mean just plain writing, including the merely competent writing that fills so many of our magazines and bookshelves and so many of Mr. Hansen's own daily columns. By "writing," Mr. Hansen means the essential genius or natural talent out of which sheer masterpieces are made to grow.

The exposure of this distinction makes it fairly clear that Mr. Hansen and I do not seriously differ. Neither of us believes that any instruction can help the untalented; seeds cannot be forced to sprout in stony soil. Both of us apparently believe that expert comment may often help genuine talent of any kind or degree to find itself. Thus I say "writing can be taught" and add the qualification, which should be superfluous, that teaching cannot turn a moron into a Milton. And thus Mr. Hansen says "writing can't be taught" and adds the far from superfluous qualification that he means only the creative foundations of true talent. We approach the situation from opposite directions, but I am sure we are both heading toward the truth.

And I believe that the truth is not fairly represented by the bluntly discouraging statement that writing cannot be taught. I am heartily tired of hearing it.

A real difference of opinion lies in the slight value which Mr. Hansen attaches to more or less systematic instruction,

which I must defend by way of justifying my profession, and in the slight value which I attach to mere "open discussion," which I have generally found to be fruitless and wearying. Here the necessary evidence which Mr. Hansen craves is rather complex.

Available space and energy scarcely permit me to present a list of two score books with an analysis showing how much each one owed to direct pedagogy—if that could be accurately determined, which I doubt. Meanwhile I can only refer the curious and sceptical to our magazine for writers, *MS.*, in which the publications of Columbia students and instructors are recorded monthly.

Since Mr. Hansen has so benevolently complimented me on my opening paragraph, I cannot forbear remarking that his letter seems to me to be the brightest thing he himself has written since his delightful column on Paine's "Life and Lillian Gish." As an alumnus of that superb school of writing, the *New York World*, I congratulate him. I am proud indeed to note that my humble and feeble article was his inspiration, and so I am tempted to add his letter to the exhibits which testify to my efficacy as a stimulator of writers. I am sorry I called his job a maddening one. It would be maddening to me. I pray for Mr. Hansen's continued sanity.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

THE CHURCH AND CRIME

Hawthorne, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I do not wonder that the explanation of the large number of Catholics in prison given by the chaplain of Sing Sing in a recent article published in *THE COMMONWEAL*, and in part quoted by the *Literary Digest* of January 7, 1933, has excited amazement in various quarters of the country. Surely, according to this explanation, non-believers have the best and Catholics the worst of the situation, as your correspondent in *THE COMMONWEAL* of January 11 rightly observes. But there is consolation in the reflection that the explanation given by the chaplain of Sing Sing prison is altogether inadequate and misleading.

A just and comprehensive conclusion in this matter can be arrived at by a consideration of the following points:

(1) We must not draw a general conclusion from a particular premise, that is, we must not judge the comparative number of Catholics in prison from one particular prison and place and time, but from a general view of prisons everywhere. If it were true that Catholics were in the majority or in an undue percentage in all or most prisons, then the case against the Church would be bad enough. But even were it so, there are other considerations.

(2) If we limit ourselves to the study of one prison alone, we must first of all admit the very obvious truth that it is not the fault of any religion that anybody is in prison. Every sort of Judaism and Christianity has some good in it and would tend to keep its adherents out of prison. Hence if Catholics or Jews or Protestants are found in prison, their presence there is to be accounted for by a non-observance of the teachings of the religion they profess, and not contrariwise.

(3) No organization should be judged by its merely nominal members. But it is certain that the vast majority of so-called Catholics in Sing Sing or any other prison were never practising Catholics. At most they were merely baptized as Catholics, and never had any Catholic home-training or Catholic education. Moreover, it is well known that many prisoners pose as Catholics, especially in localities where Catholics are strong, in

order to have the protection and influence in their favor of Catholic authority.

(4) No comparison is just unless other things are equal. But it is a fact that Catholics are often among the poorer classes of people, and so are brought up in poverty and neglect all too frequently. The result is that even as children they may be led to form habits and associations which incline them to stealing, lying and all sorts of crimes, before they have attained maturity. Is it remarkable, therefore, that those who thus grow up in poverty and neglect and learn evil from their earliest years should afterward turn out to be criminals and land in jail? It cannot be denied that Catholics on the whole suffer more than other classes from the disadvantages of poverty, unfavorable conditions, lack of opportunity and education.

(5) In studying crime and criminals we must not overlook the factor of nationality. Thus the peoples of southern Europe are more hot blooded, impulsive, emotional and temperamental than the peoples of northern Europe, where non-Catholics abound. It is well known that the colored people of the South are far more given to crime and law-breaking than the whites, and yet these Negroes are non-Catholics like the majority of the whites among whom they live. This argues that the greater prevalence of crime should not be estimated from religion alone, but from racial origins and social conditions as well.

In conclusion, let us stress a point that is often overlooked in discussions of this character, namely, that a Catholic is a person who believes, professes and practises the teachings of the Catholic Church; and consequently the Church must never be blamed for her disobedient and nominal members who are in prison not because of their religion, but precisely because they have neglected, disregarded and despised the precepts of the religion they pretend to profess.

REV. CHARLES J. CALLAN, O.P.

MORE THAN ONE DIVORCE

Hampstead, England.

TO the Editor: Ought I, in these days of stress and of great events, to trouble the Atlantic Ocean to bear a reply from me to Mr. Maynard's pernicky letter, so redolent of classrooms and ferules and tattered grammars, on "persons like Mr. W. J. Blyton"?

This "person," it appears, has led a hasty and professional corrector to believe that gambling was condemned in a recent *COMMONWEAL* article as a "sin"—and some unwieldy guns are deployed upon this very incidental expression to suggest that I must be a puritan and a danger. Well, well! Suppose he reads again the *whole* of the article in question, which, ironically enough, was on divorcing ideas from their living contexts?

As editor of a group of papers myself, I am entranced by his zealous suggestion that a corps of editors should be set to watch me. There are humorous possibilities in that. I will try to resist stage fright and a sense of guilt when I add that no candid reader could have had a moment's doubt that the "person" referred to knew the elements of his Catholic social morality well enough to see when gambling entails sin and when it does not.

In practice, it is rarely unattended by evil. And practice is worth a glance as well as theory.

But enough. As G. K. C. said, affectionately, at the end of an ode, to someone who was "coming it" over him—"Chuck it, Smith!"

W. J. BLYTON.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Pigeons and People

FEW PEOPLE probably thought that the day would come when they would be compelled to compare George M. Cohan, as author, with Bernard Shaw at his best. I am sure I never had it listed among the possibilities of an ever-surprising theatre. But in "Pigeons and People," George Cohan has written something of surpassing merit as a tour de force in words. It is hardly to be called a play, although it occupies nearly two hours of time, nor is it to be called a monologue, although Mr. Cohan, acting the leading part, has something to say during nearly every minute of the allotted time. Nor, again, is it precisely what Mr. Cohan calls it on the program, namely, "a comic state of mind in continuous action." For the most part, it is rather a highly sensible state of mind in comic action, and bound, if I am not greatly mistaken, to furnish you with as much sheer entertainment as half a dozen ordinary plays.

There are no acts and no intermissions in this remarkable production. But acts and intermissions are barbarities anyhow, and ought to have no place in the modern theatre except when absolutely necessary for changes of costume. The motion pictures have long since accustomed us to sitting through long stretches of action without the need or desire for a break. In fact they have made us see that the illusion is far better maintained when nothing occurs to interrupt that peculiar state of hypnosis which is the secret of the theatre's magic. An intermission would be quite fatal to the delicate fabric of Mr. Cohan's latest invention, and especially to its mood of sense behind utter nonsense. For you must realize that the author has attempted, in his usual light-hearted way, to break up a number of conventional stupidities and to show us many of the glaring barbarities of our standard way of doing things. Before the evening is over, he has traversed everything from the inanities of personal relationships to the blundering diplomacy that has tangled up the world in war debts.

In endeavoring to untangle the verbal web in which Mr. Cohan wraps up his characters and situations, we might say that he is applying his verbal scalpel to two main faults of human beings: first, our instinctive unwillingness to accept anything at face value, and, second, our habit of what the moderns would call "projection." The trick of "projection" in its less obscure aspects is merely the tendency to attribute remarks or viewpoints to others for which we ourselves are responsible. John Jones asks you to suppose for a moment that the moon is made of green cheese. Five minutes later, you tell a friend that John Jones believes the moon is made of green cheese. You have been so fascinated by the unfolding possibilities of a moon made of green cheese that you quite accept the idea, make it your own, and blame John Jones for starting the whole notion. Or John Jones, who has overstayed his welcome in your house, asks for his overcoat. You immediately over-protest how sorry you are to have him leave. Whereupon Jones tells you that he only wanted to get a package of cigarettes in his overcoat pocket and has no intention whatever of leaving. You have simply read your own hearty wishes into something that Jones never actually said, and if Jones happens to be as nimble witted and delightful as Cohan's man, Parker, he will make you feel quite miserable for having betrayed your inner thoughts so brazenly.

No explanation of Mr. Cohan's deeper purpose should really be necessary, but it has been hinted in at least one review of the

play that the Parker of the play might be insane. He struck me, instead, as being so superlatively sane, if also impertinent, that a few explanations seem quite in order.

What happens is this: a certain wealthy and righteous young man named Heath meets a man in Central Park who is feeding pigeons and who makes the plain statement that he prefers pigeons to people. Heath decides that the man must be poor, embittered toward human beings generally and is otherwise in need of companionship and a moral boost. The man gives his name as Parker—admitting that that is not his real name and that he prefers to keep his identity a secret. Nevertheless, Heath presses him for his life story and Parker gives it to him, saying at the same time that he is sure Heath will not believe it.

In spite of this, Heath asks Parker to come to his apartment with him and the play (if you can call it a play) begins with the arrival of the two men at Heath's apartment. Heath is filled to overflowing with kind sentiments, gives orders to have a room and extra clothes prepared for Parker and has a generous meal brought out. He is somewhat startled, however, when Parker refuses to take anything. Heath had assumed he was hungry. Parker reminds him that he never said he was hungry, and then proceeds to test out the sincerity of Heath's faith in him.

"Just suppose," says Parker, "that the story I told you in the Park was a fabrication of lies and that I am actually an escaped criminal with a price on my head. If this were true, would you not turn me over to the police?" After a little treatment of this sort, Heath begins to waiver and actually gets ready to call the police, himself, until Parker reminds him that all he said was "Just suppose."

From this point on, complications flow thick and fast. With the keenest delight, Parker begins to upset the cocksureness of everybody who comes into the apartment, including a prominent lawyer friend of Heath's and many others. By his droll habit of using the "just suppose" formula, and then reminding everybody that they are acting on suppositions instead of statements, he produces a series of mild domestic convulsions which do not end even with the arrival of the police from headquarters. In the course of nearly two hours of this kind of merriment Parker (alias George Cohan) drives home in truly Shavian manner the moral behind many of the world's greatest confusions. The more Parker is pressed to reveal his identity, the more he insists that he is simply "the man who told his story in the Park." The more natural and honest he is, the less anyone believes him.

On various odd occasions Parker takes advantage of the situation to remind everyone present of the reasons why he likes pigeons better than people. People, for example, are always in a hurry because they have no sense of direction and no idea of where they are going. Pigeons, on the other hand, which have a marvelous sense of direction, are never in a hurry.

And so it goes! Every time one thinks that Parker has wrung the last bit of absurdity out of the situation, some new complication arises to release a fresh flood of merriment.

Of course, Mr. Cohan goes too far at times. Various aspects of religion, morals and other matters that come under his lash are whipped a little too carelessly. This reservation should be made for the sake of the record. (At the Sam H. Harris Theatre.)

THE EMPEROR JONES

By GRENVILLE VERNON

THE PRODUCTION of such operas as "The Emperor Jones" makes one wonder whether our modern operas are not fast tending to the total suppression of music, at least as music has been known for the past eight hundred years. Like last season's "Wozzeck," Mr. Gruenberg's opera has, outside of one spiritual, not a bar of lyric song, and even its orchestral coloring, it would be idle to call it characterization, seems to proceed with complete and utter wilfulness. There are sounds and there are rhythms, but there is little else. Of course our modernists tell us that ugliness is a relative term, and perhaps these musical Einsteins may find something understandable in the score of "The Emperor Jones." Perhaps, too, the ordinary human being has no longer any rights, except the right of buying tickets at the box-office; but as this right is still his, it is strongly to be suspected that such works after the first performance will be given largely to punched tickets.

Of course there was enormous enthusiasm at the final curtain of the opening performance last week at the Metropolitan Opera House, but that enthusiasm had nothing to do with the music; it was aroused by the play of Eugene O'Neill and by the magnificent acting of Lawrence Tibbett in the title part.

Aside from the single spiritual, Mr. Tibbett did not sing, there was nothing for him to sing, but he gave a dramatic characterization of the ex-Pullman porter, which was one of the finest pieces of acting ever seen on or off the operatic stage. Mr. O'Neill's play has long been admired, and never more so than when Mr. Tibbett essayed it, but the question must be asked—why should it have been given as an opera? In the vast reaches of the Metropolitan very little of the dialogue could be heard, and aside from the tom-toms, which were in the original play, the music helped not at all. Of course Mr. Serafin did everything that a conductor could do, and Jo Mielziner's scenic investiture was superb.

Given with Mr. Tibbett and the same scenery in a small house, the production would have been a revival of the play long to be remembered. At least this was how it seemed to those of us who are not Einsteins and who believe that art has certain limits and certain necessities. But an opera without music is like "Hamlet" without the Dane. Indeed Mr. Gruenberg's "The Emperor Jones" seemed like the *reductio ad absurdum* of modernism.

Driftage

Long ago I drifted here,
Blown upon by care and pain.
Quiet hills above my roof
Sheltered me from wind and rain.

Cherry blossoms, dandelions,
Cottonwood, catalpa blow
Whitening drifts along the grasses;
Then the asters; then the snow.

Every hour I watch the drift,
Blown along by wind and rain.
Quiet hills above my head
Sheltered me from care and pain.

KATHERINE V. WELCH.

BOOKS

Clever Boxing

The Philosophy of Physical Realism, by Roy Wood Sellars.
New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

PHILOSOPHERS in this country have discovered a novel and, on the whole, harmless pastime. When leisure permits, they indulge in the exhilarating exercise of writing books at one another. John Dewey had scarcely got through annihilating everybody but John Dewey in his "Quest of Certainty" before Professor Lovejoy, who refused to be annihilated, leaped into the fray with his "Revolt against Dualism." Now we see Professor Roy Wood Sellars enter the lists brandishing a lethal pen and apparently bent upon a ruthless slaughter of all who disagree with him. But it is only a sham battle. Durant Drake, who is rather roughly handled in chapter sixteen, is gratefully thanked in the Preface. However, it is great fun. There is not much philosophy in it, but who wants to bother about philosophy when he can see a prize-fight? It really is not a rough sport; there is never a knock-out; but the boxing is extremely clever.

Two years ago Professor Sellars called upon somebody, anybody, to give the world "a new form of materialism capable of including mental activity and human motivation" ("Contemporary American Philosophy," Volume II, page 274). No one heeded the call, so Professor Sellars decided to do it himself. This is probably why we have "The Philosophy of Physical Realism" to review.

Physical realism amply justifies its author's yearning for a materialistic philosophy—"Back of pomp and circumstance, back of love and beauty and tragedy and happiness, lies—matter. In short, the physical is but another term for being, for existence" (page 4)—but it looks to me like the old form of materialism dressed up to suit the new scientific definitions of matter. Obviously, it has "no supernatural, no theistic, dimension to give man's life an additional meaning and extension which it does not have upon this earth where he has been born": and indeed "it is not surprising that it has never been welcomed by those dominated by that perspective" (page 1).

I have said that there is not much philosophy in this book, not simply because it is irreligious, but also for purely philosophical reasons. The contemporary outlook, of which this book is a fair sample, is dominated, not to say obsessed, by the critical problem—the problem of the conditions of knowledge. And, until that outlook is changed, there can be no question of authentic philosophical thinking. The Cartesian method, which Maritain aptly called the "original sin of modern thought," precipitated the critical problem in the theory of knowledge; Kant elaborated it and others carried it forward. Today idealists and realists alike battle about it and never get beyond it; whilst beyond it lies the realm of philosophy—the investigation of the nature of reality. So long as philosophical discussion is cramped and confined by a criticism of the conditions of knowledge it can never reach the object of knowledge, and never, therefore, rise to the level of a metaphysic, upon which level alone philosophy moves. If there is a valid critical realism, it must most certainly not begin with a criticism of the antecedents of knowledge—be they "external controls" or "internal operations" (page 67) or "neuro-muscular mechanisms" or "a causal theory of sense-data" (page 70 and 72)—but with the knowledge itself and the thing known. The only escape of the modern realist who accepts the idealistic statement of the problem (as they all do) is a pluralism in which nothing has meaning

or value and all is logically equivocal. Professor Sellar's book is a typical example of an attempt at such an escape, with its inevitable consequence. Of what avail is a "defense of substance" or "an ontology of space and time" or "a correspondence theory of truth" when "the very mechanism of thought carries the sameness of meaning of the predicate to be projected upon the objects which we think in terms of it" (page 165)?

One spontaneously applauds when Professor Sellars explodes, "I know no field in philosophy in which, with less excuse, more nonsense is written than in the field of values" (page 14). But if there be scholastics or neo-scholastics who imagine that Professor Sellars is speaking their language when he says that "being comes before knowledge" (page 4) or that "we do not first know ideas and then infer objects. Knowing is, from the first, objective in import and direction" (page vi), they are entirely mistaken. There are literally hundreds of statements like these which might well appear verbatim in scholastic works. But the realms of connotation are utterly disparate. The scholastic talks metaphysics: the "physical realist," critical epistemology, and "never the twain shall meet."

GERALD B. PHELAN.

Last Year

Interpretations, 1931-1932, by Walter Lippmann. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A POLITICAL observer recently returned from Iowa says that "all Iowa is listening to Walter Lippmann as to a prophet." Without means of verifying that statement, it is of great interest if it is true. Iowa could easily be chosen as the type of American commonwealth in which one would not expect the international significance of domestic problems to be clearly apparent, and in which one would certainly expect them to be obscured by twelve years of false indoctrination.

Mr. Lippmann's book is a compilation of editorials during the past year in which he analyzes the meaning of the series of related world events which made up his preceding book: "The United States in World Affairs, 1931-1932." Mr. Lippmann is a sceptic in the right sense. He has the spirit of the scientific analyst, and he is not afraid of having convictions nor of expressing them.

If Iowa is listening to Mr. Lippmann as editors in the South are listening to Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock of the *Wall Street Journal*, there is hope of salvation. It is not a partizan listening. There appears to be, everywhere, an intelligent attention to statements diametrically opposed both to strict party platform remedies and to the natural predilections of the listeners.

This new Lippmann book starts with a proposition so simple that it has almost the appearance of a truism. "This is the first time," he says, "when it is altogether evident that man's power to produce wealth has reached a point when it is clearly unnecessary that millions in a country like the United States shall be in want."

He continues: "It has taken about three hundred years to arrive at a point where we can definitely say that the problem of scarcity is solved."

He concludes: "We . . . can see . . . that, in order to reap the results of this achievement, we have to translate the power we possess into a secure and orderly civilization."

His book then shows wherein (granted these premises) we have failed in our translation in these past years.

It was written before the late presidential election. The result of the election bears out his analysis. That avalanche of votes was an indictment of leadership in government. It might



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NEXT WEEK

THE RIGHT TO PRAY, by Frank C. Hanighen, considers the tyranny which is being exercised over a fundamental human right in the next neighboring country to the south. This is a vivid and brief history of particulars, yet it also has larger implications. When we see human beings robbed of the shrines which they have through generations raised as the sanctuaries for their worship of God and the repose of their own souls, when we see political groups avid for plunder employing fire and sword, imprisonment, confiscation and every sort of duress against people who are humble and peace-loving, because the latter seek to assert their right to worship in their own way, what are we to do? It is of course not within the wildest range of our thoughts that we should take up the sword to free our co-religionists from tyranny; but we should know what is taking place and exert an effective moral pressure to restore at least a minimum of decent, human consideration. . . . LITURGY AND RECOVERY, by the Reverend W. Michael Ducey, O.S.B., is a clear and beautiful exposition of fundamental Catholic doctrine which principally distinguishes the Catholic Church among all existing corporations in the world today. . . . THE FRENCH CASE, by Louis P. Harl, is an attempt to explain, what to many seems unexplainable, the reasons for France's default. . . . ENGLISH ARABS, by Ernest Brennecke, jr., tells of an adopted son of a region still wild and fantastic, one of the last regions to yield to the movement for universal peace and plenty, and what he has done in English for a classic poet who was rugged in his day. . . . ABOLISHING UNEMPLOYMENT, by Richard A. Lester, is a critique by an economist of the plan for a vast program of public works as a hopeful attack on our unemployment problem.

be summed up as a corroboration of Lippmann's charges: the Republicans, as practical materialists, have not been practical; Mr. Hoover, an engineer, therefore a clear-eyed master of facts, has failed to interpret correctly the facts before his eyes. Therefore, his measures for relief are inadequate. They may be temporarily helpful, some have been positively so, but they cannot solve the fundamental problem. That does require "a new deal."

Mr. Lippmann is concerned with interpretations—and that is the essential first step: to find valid answers to the questions, "What is it?" and "Why is it?" He does not pretend to answer the question, "What shall I do about it?" and for that he is subject at this moment to some degree of acid comment by Republican government officials at Washington, who have asked him what he suggests as remedy.

The proposition I have quoted, which is rapidly becoming "a self-evident truth," is the essence of his book. All else in it turns about it. It is the method of approach to that problem which now matters most—and that transcends political parties. It is evident, from "Interpretations" that whichever political party faces that problem publicly, squarely, understandingly and fearlessly, will retain power.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Mary Todd

Mary Lincoln: Wife and Widow, by Carl Sandburg; documents edited by Paul M. Angle. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.00.

THE WIFE of Abraham Lincoln, "the Lady President," as her husband half-facetiously called her, has been consistently depicted by historians and biographers in an unfavorable light. Her frivolity, her extravagance, her unreasonable jealousy and her bad temper have long been familiar to all readers. Does the detailed study by Carl Sandburg, based on new examination of the evidence, afford reason to revise the accepted view? The author apparently would fain think so. There is a suggestion of apologia in the choice for frontispiece of an idealized portrait which bears more resemblance to Mona Lisa than to the actual photographs reproduced elsewhere in the volume, and this suggestion is partially borne out by references to Mary Todd's "mental ability" and to "the normal married life" which she enjoyed with Lincoln.

Mr. Sandburg's scrupulous record of the facts, however, does not bear out this interpretation. It even refutes such kindly remarks as those just quoted. One need not believe that matrimony is a universal state of bliss in order to protest that it is not a "normal" feature of it for the wife to empty a bucket of cold water from a second-story window on her husband's head or for the husband to become so exasperated as to drag her to the front door, shouting, "You make the house intolerable, damn you, get out of it!" Nor do Mary Todd's quoted letters reveal any evidence of "mental ability" beyond that necessary to learn the high-flown sentimental style of correspondence taught in the female seminary which she attended. One feels sure that her words when Lincoln broke off their engagement, "The deceiver shall be deceived; woe is me," could be found somewhere in the novels of Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. Her devoted love for Lincoln which the author stresses is not convincing; a love which never takes thought of its object's welfare or reveals itself in any act of consideration or self-sacrifice is justly suspect.

Mr. Sandburg has blurred the outlines but in essentials the traditional picture remains untouched: that of an empty-headed Southern belle, gifted only with a quick-fading beauty and a

command of smart repartee which early went sour, leaving her with no interest outside of clothes, jewelry and her own social prestige, meanly jealous, insulting the President's counsellors and berating their wives, publicly demanding the dismissal of a prominent Northern general because his wife had happened to ride ahead of her on a visit to the front, and in a thousand ways ruining Lincoln's private happiness and interfering with his public duties. Her melancholy later life when deprived of the limelight that she loved was pitiable enough; Mr. Sandburg's suggestion that she suffered from a cerebral lesion is plausible; but she was no tragic character. The tragedy was Lincoln's.

The large collection of documents ably edited by Mr. Angle is much the most valuable section of a book which as a biography suffers a good deal from the irresolution of the main author. These documents, it is pleasant to add, seem to dispose of the legend—so difficult to reconcile with Lincoln's character—of his failure to appear upon his announced wedding day.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

A Profession of Faith

Is Christ Possible?, by P. Whitwell Wilson. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.75.

WHEN the author of a book with this rather too spectacular title assures us in his preface, "I make no pretence to theological training," the reader has the best authority for concluding that it makes no contribution to theological learning. But when a little later he states, "It is not what is called a religious book," the reviewer finds himself in a dilemma. For if neither theology nor religion, in what category does it fall? The answer, I think, is that the author is mistaken. In spite of his rightly making no claim for it in the field of theology or exegesis, the book is none the less essentially and completely religious, belonging to that numerous class of religious literature called devotional.

It is the confession of faith of a man, obviously ill at ease intellectually, but inspired emotionally with an intense love of Our Lord. Indeed, love is the keynote of a book which bears vivid marks of long and sustained meditation. Clearly the author has given it not only his mind, but has put his whole soul into it as well. Since, however, he includes Catholics in the curiously nondescript groups to which he addresses it, let us state at once that, although many passages express in forceful language the Catholic spirit of awe and reverence for the unspeakable mysteries of our faith, the chief interest to us is the fresh illustration it affords of the increasing divergencies of modern Protestant thought. It is yet another of those poignant cries, added to the rising volume of contradictory voices, which from time to time dimly reach us in the Christian citadel from the external chaos of warring Protestant sects.

Mr. Wilson will probably agree that the twentieth century is far enough removed from the sixteenth to allow certain facts regarding Protestantism to stand out more clearly than formerly in historical perspective. Originally appearing as a revolt against supreme religious authority, it was in essence a revolt against any religious authority, and the twentieth century is witnessing the phenomenon of Protestantism emerging finally in its logical form, namely, that of the religiously independent individual. Mr. Wilson is one of the many personifications of twentieth-century Protestantism, and his book, like all Protestant books, must be judged primarily as reflecting his own point of view. It shows that personally he is far nearer to the mind of the Church than were Protestants of an earlier generation, and, if we may assume that he speaks for others besides himself,

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a complete breach would appear inevitable between his school of thought and the modern churchmen in England, or Mr. Fosdick's school in America. No doubt these Protestants would question Mr. Wilson's authority to write on this subject, but they would be illogical. Mr. Wilson is also a Protestant, and, even if he does not claim to be a theologian, he does claim the same right as any other Protestant to his religious opinions.

His approach is that of a man who has seen life from many angles, and his criterion is his own experience, which has been exceptionally wide. Like many other literary men, his early life was spent in the House of Commons, where as a Liberal he introduced the first Unemployment Workmen's Bill, seconded by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Abandoning politics, he devoted himself entirely to literature. Twelve years ago he settled in New York, becoming one of the best-known contributors to the *New York Times*, and one of the most widely read writers on current affairs in the United States. He has published many books on history, politics and religion. This, in briefest outline, is the author's career. It has given him an intimate knowledge of his own time.

"After knowing something of success and failure, of prosperity and depression," he writes, "I can say from experience that he who stakes his life on Jesus of Nazareth will never have reason to regret it." The book is an attempt to justify that ideal, and though at times it lacks mental precision, at other times the author brings to bear with considerable effect his power of lucid exposition to defend the supernatural interpretation of Christianity against the specious attacks of Modernism. Moreover, passages like the following show a deeply mystical approach: "It is before the Cross of Christ that mankind stands silent. . . . We look upon the arms of the Redeemer outstretched in perpetual invitation, that stricken body, that torn and bleeding brow, the hands and feet pierced by rough nails; we listen to the Sufferer's few yet unforgettable words. Here is more than a symbol of Love, however sacred in its constraining fascination. Here is that which transcends the extreme of physical and mental suffering. The very centurion, who was in command of the Crucifixion, raised his pagan eyes to the summit of the mountain. 'Truly,' said he, when the scene was at its climax, 'this man was the Son of God.'"

It is unfortunate that a mind so spiritual as that which discloses itself in such a passage should indulge elsewhere in certain journalistic superficialities, which, however well adapted to more ephemeral subjects, can only mar the approach to this supernal theme. Like many similar works, the book raises more questions than it answers. One would like to discuss some of them at greater length, but this would demand a volume. This review must be content to record the general conclusion that the book marks a trend of Protestant thought, which, maybe unknown to itself, is none the less moving perhaps deviously, but certainly unmistakably, back to the Church.

ROBERT WILBERFORCE.

The Greatest Problem

Problems of Peace: Sixth Series, by H. J. Laski, A. E. Zimmern and others. Lectures delivered at the Geneva Institute of International Relations, August, 1931. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

THIS little volume, the sixth series of lectures delivered at Geneva, continues in the interesting and scholarly tradition established by its predecessors and affords a valuable commentary on the current development of certain international problems by writers of unchallenged authority. These contributions, the editor tells us, have the distinctive character of "personal

contact with the great institutions of world administration, and in an atmosphere where academic discussion inevitably tends to be leavened by considerations of practical possibility and political expediency."

The twelve lectures which for the most part are presented in a clear-cut and eminently practical manner deal with "The League as a Confederation," "Public Opinion and the World Community," "World Unemployment," "The Disarmament Conference," "Codification of International Law," "International Financial Relations," "America and the World Community," etc. Contributing to this collection are Alfred E. Zimmern, H. J. Laski, Paul H. Douglas, some of the senior officials of the League of Nations Secretariat and International Labor Office and others.

In the opening essay, Professor Robert Redslob gives an informative treatment of the League as a confederation. He gives, perhaps, undue prominence to the negative side of the development, by proving several times over that the League is not a state or super-state. The constructive part is then handled by citing historical instances of federations and pointing out parallels. A possibly better way of developing the point might have been to adduce those various actions and achievements of the League that coincide with the theoretical requirements of a confederation.

Dr. Paul H. Douglas, in spite of a weakness for derivatives of "cumulus," gives a good description of one of the causes of depression—overproduction—and calls one's attention to certain peculiar aggravations of the present crisis. He then gives his opinion that conditions will certainly not adjust themselves soon enough, if ever, without special modifications in the present politico-economic order, and proceeds to answer, at some length, the question: "Can we help ourselves, and how?" His cool analysis of a return to prosperity is, to say the least, sanguine.

"The Codification of International Law," by Dr. John J. Hearne of Dublin, is a clear, natural development of a thought unit with some practical suggestions that are most plausible and worthy of serious consideration. This article, another proof of the author's enviable record of keeping to the point, adds much to the value of the book and to one's knowledge of the subject.

By a convincing map showing how Europe is not a community, is not a functional unit, is still less a cultural unit, Professor Zimmern deplores in spirited phraseology of lack of a "World Community" which, he says, is "the last hope of our civilization."

The devastating isolation policy of America is vividly portrayed in the scholarly chapter, "America and the World Community," by Professor James W. Garner, who, in treating of our failure to take part in the League's activities, believes it "inconceivable that a country whose people possess so much idealism, with so fine a record of coöperation in the past, and with so magnificent an opportunity for constructive helpfulness and even of leadership, should continue to remain aloof." He cites the pro and con views of leading statesmen on this subject during and since the World War and urges us to remember, in the words of a great American internationalist, "We are participants whether we would or not in the life of the world; the interests of all nations are our own also; we are partners with the rest; what affects mankind is inevitably our affair as well as the affair of Europe and Asia."

The Appendix lists the Contents of the other five volumes and provides an excellent reading list for those desiring to see current world problems sincerely presented by eminent scholars.

ELIZABETH B. SWEENEY.

"Liturgy is certainly a sacred thing; for by it we are elevated to God and joined with Him; by it we give testimony of our faith and bind ourselves to Him in most solemn homage for benefits and assistance received, of which we are constantly in need."—Pope Pius XI (*Apostolic Constitution* of December 20, 1928).

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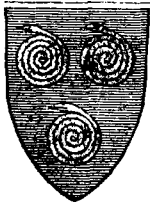
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Briefer Mention

First Night, by Lorna Rea. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THE device, which probably attained greatest popularity in "Street Scene" and "Grand Hotel," threatens to become a menace to novelists. For it is essentially an easy escape from original invention of plot. "First Night" follows the pattern faithfully with a generally excellent execution. That a theatrical audience, composed of vastly different human elements, fuses temporarily in the heat of emotions transmitted from the stage into a homogenous whole, is Miss Rea's theory. But her characters disprove this. They remain themselves despite the theatre's magic. Here she is most successful in the presentation of a genuine cross-section of life, although she succumbs to the mysterious British hallucination about Americans. Some of her collection do disappoint by falling too readily into types but most are endowed with living personalities. Again the background is so skillfully handled that the reader surrenders to the allusion that he, too, attends the première. This accomplishment in itself is a high peak and "First Night" should entertain many.

Foot-loose in the British Isles, by Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Co. \$3.50.

THIS is Mr. Franck's twenty-third book in as many years. He is probably the most traveled travel-writer living. This means that he approaches a scene, a person or a city with an equanimity that many of our younger and gushier travel authors lack. His eye is clear; he needs no rose-colored glasses, he never uses the microscope, although frequently (and with good grace indeed) he does use the magnifying glass. His manner is essentially amusing, but he never loses an opportunity to present fact or fable in order to give a complete background to a scene. He seeks out reasons for things, and he has a way of making the reader feel as if he himself were bicycling along with him, meeting the dole, the people, the tourists, the factories, the poverty and all. His chapters devoted to Ireland are devoted indeed. In that tumultuous island—poverty and need notwithstanding—he found in one day more generosity and warmth of spirit than in England during a whole month.

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